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DOSSIER

MADMAN ON THE AMAZON

Upriver, Joseph Conrad (not to mention F.F. Coppola) found the heart of darkness, on a similar journey, both maverick German



Klaus Kinski asks, "Who're you calling a Sisyphus, pal?"

filmmaker **Werner Herzog** and the protagonist of his new epic, *Fitzcarraldo*, find their redemption in spectacular failure. With divinely satanic Klaus Kinski playing the madman/fool Fitzcarraldo—echoing his conquistador role in Herzog's earlier *Aguirre, Wrath of God*, as a man obsessed with the equally absurd notions of bringing Grand

Opera to the Amazon and dragging a 320-ton steamship over a mountain—Herzog's central metaphor of the impossible quest works best when applied to the making of his own film. As carefully documented in **Les Blank's** fascinating *Burden of Dreams* (the first "making-of" film that's perhaps better than its subject), Herzog's near-suicidal insistence on nothing less than absolute verisimilitude in the production repeatedly sinks the project into the sentiently vengeful Amazon mud.

After two aborted beginnings (the first felled by a tribal/border war, the second by the loss of his original stars, Jason Robards to amoebic dysentery and Mick Jagger to prior commitments—a blessing really, as the footage Blank includes shows them to be a ludicrously smirking, mismatched duo), the film finally emerged complete after



King Crimson losing their souls. Left to right: Adrian Belew, Robert Fripp, Bill Bruford, Tony Levin.

five years of herculean labor. Again the film's fate parallels the story it relates—much as Fitzcarraldo salvages his pride by boating in a second-rate opera company at the film's climax, Herzog meets his self-set challenge with the release of a beautiful but bloated and meandering *Fitzcarraldo*: an undertaking not up to the monumental effort it took to construct.

—Lou Stathis

TUBULAR BULLS

Video art has always been formless, shapeless—that's why I reject the term," insists John Sanborn of **Fitzgerald and Sanborn**. Nevertheless, the team's recent honoring by the prestigious San Francisco International Video Festival, and their "Heartbeat" music-video with the reformed **King Crimson**, place them squarely at a new intersection between video-art and art-rock.

The "Heartbeat" video, based on the first single from Crimson's *Beat* LP (Warner Bros.), is a moody, restless piece inside the mind of a pensive character who is haunted by a compelling woman (played by singer/performance artist Jill Kroesen). Swirling portrait shots, melting faces, and disappearing imagery ap-

pear as brush strokes across a canvas through Fitzgerald and Sanborn's uncanny editing style, creating a work much like a painting.

The catalyst for this collaboration was Warner Brothers Records' "minimogul" Jo Bergman, one of the leading "eyes" in the music-video arena (she recently curated a striking music-video compilation at the 1982 AFI Video Festival). After meeting Fitzgerald and Sanborn at the '81 Festival, Bergman found, "Of all the artists who were doing anything at all, they seemed to be the most accessible... I could absolutely see Kit and John's images going with King Crimson... But they wouldn't be right for everybody, because they have a startling look that has a great deal to do with technology, particularly editing and assembling—and a lot of people couldn't handle that."

Crimson could. Though rockers and video artists have had an uneasy relationship in the past (Sanborn quips, "Rockers don't trust someone who's not out to go platinum."), this collaboration with a band always ready to experiment proved magical. "It's a very democratic band; we all had to come to a consensus," Fitzgerald mused. "So we met with the whole band to hear their responses to our ideas." Sanborn elaborated on their music-video approach, "We try to find additional metaphors, visually and video-wise, that would connect with and relate to the song. We want to re-metaphor the song."

Those conversations re-

Though rockers and video artists have had an uneasy relationship in the past, this collaboration with a band always ready to experiment proved magical.

understanding of the imagery would add "presence." With Belew's input, Fitzgerald and Sanborn went on to create a music-video trilogy, thematically linking "Heartbeat" with "Neal & Jack & Me" and "Neurotica," all from the *Beat* LP.

"We're looking for a different kind of status in our work," Fitzgerald declares. One that will take them towards what Sanborn calls "intercompositions," or videos where song and picture are created together. Indeed, they are already discussing such a collaboration with Belew. Hopefully by then they will have shed the "video artist" tag, which has brought them some deadly survival problems. "People think we work cheap," snorts Sanborn. "They think 'video artists' work for \$198."

—Alan Hecht

Love (Leathür/Elektra): Skip past the hype and makeup and you'll be vortexed into some of the most inventive hard rock to emerge in years.

Krokus, One Vice at a Time (Arista): You know, a lot of people would say that Krokus sound exactly like AC/DC....

Joan Jett, I Love Rock 'n' Roll (Boardwalk): Well, it's got a good beat, and it's easy to dance to, but that doesn't explain why such old material should top the charts.

707, Mega Force (Boardwalk): Mellow metal from the Journey-REO-Spyx school of charmbusters. Sounds like the title track got the most attention.

Billy Squier, Emotions in Motion (Capitol): This LP picks up where the last one left off—at high energy levels.

Girlschool, Hit and Run (Stiff America): Aggressive music that authenticates this all-girl group's black-leather posing.

U.S. Metal (Shrapnel): Mister Mike Varney (ex-Nuns) searched America for the ten best unknown metal guitarists, and exposed them on this LP. He's got good ears.

Shooting Star, Three Wishes (Virgin/Epic): A few rough edges for flavor, but the balance here is soft rock.

Saxon, Denim and Leather (Carrere): Like Black Sabbath and Deep Purple before them, Saxon are an excellent band for a new generation of rock 'n' rollers to cut their teeth on. "Play it loud...."

—Annette Collica

vealed drummer Bill Bruford and bassist Tony Levin to be more concerned with the shape of the band's sound, leaving founding member

graphed), it fell to the brash Belew to do most of the image brainstorming. "Belew understood a lot of our intentions in trying to pre-



Photo by Paula Court

Vidiots John Sanborn (tattoo) and Kit Fitzgerald (earrings). They don't work cheap.

Robert Fripp and guitarist/lyricist Adrian Belew to express the Crimson philosophy. Since Fripp's public statements about video have been decidedly bleak (Sanborn compared his feelings to those of African natives who believe they lose their souls when photo-

sent situations that were somewhat ambiguous, but which gave some of the empathetic feeling of the song," Fitzgerald related. So much so that they decided to use Belew as the main character—even though they'd already cast an actor—because they felt his

THE HM CHOPPING BLOCK

Robert Plant, Pictures at Eleven (Swan Song): By recapturing the power and emotion that was the soul of Led Zeppelin, singer Plant has accomplished what ex-members of Deep Purple, Yes, and even the Beatles couldn't—transcending their origins.

Motley Crue, Too Fast For

BEAT MEET

The Jack Kerouac Conference, held in late July at the University of Colorado campus in Boulder, was a ten-day pop and paranoia fest for the neo-beat fellowship. To hundreds of politicians, literati, and Deadheads, Kerouac presents an infectious myth: shy, mar-



tyred poet/king, who would hate this conference itself. But elder statesmen Ginsberg, Burroughs, Corso, and Kesey taught "spontaneous mind" to the younger generation in order to maintain the highest of Beat ideals: "Fellow beatniks, fellow hippies, fellow Americans, fellow charma heirs, fellow tender hearts," Ginsberg addressed us. "We can indulge in great magics of delirious nostalgia. We can discuss an agenda for what



can happen in America. We can get laid."

What a lot to offer on the twenty-fifth anniversary of, after all, a book's publication. But what a book! On the Road, with its frenzied, jizzed up, zigzagging flights across America, turned the fifties on to a holy trilogy—sex, drugs, cultural, if not political, revolution—spawning the eras of liberation to follow. So, celebrating indulgences seemed fitting. Trungpa Rinpoche, the

Poet/photographer
Gerald Malanga
snapping
Jack Kerouac's
On the Road
manuscript
scroll for
posterity.

Photo by photographer/poet
Ira Cohen

moon-faced president of the sponsoring Naropa Institute ("the Notre Dame of Buddhism"), assured the crowd that the world would not cause its own demise. He was drunk, propped up on the shoulders of two heavies, sipping sake from a decanter. Brandishing the sign of okay in a circle of air, he proclaimed, "Let the Eastern sun be victorious." Others wallowed in identifying themselves within the Kerouac canon: Ginsberg

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Billy Idol:
Punch
his face,
please.

recalled whether or not he was a virgin when he met J.K., and Kerouac's first wife announced that they hit it off after he watched her eat six hotdogs.

Luckily the books prevailed. While Abbie Hoffman, Paul Krassner, and Tim Leary debated the impact of the fifties-sixties on the present (Hoffman recalling when the slogan, "Fuck Communism," invited the question: which is the worse word?), Kerouac books were read, and Corso, Ginsberg, Holmes, Bremser, Micheline, McClure, Waldman, Huncke, Ferlinghetti, di Prima, and Salomon gave workshops and readings. Burroughs and Kesey shone as superstar storytellers, while Pranksters Babbs and Walker paid homage to Neal Cassidy in film and performance. In the words of Burroughs: "A good time is had by all."

Beat Book Briefing:

1) In case this is your first take on the Beats, Kerouac published some nineteen volumes, not just *On the Road*. Try these special gems: *Visions of Cody* (McGraw-Hill), *Mexico City Blues* (Grove), *Tristessa* (McGraw-Hill), *Vanity of Du-luoz* (U.K. Quartet), *Book of Dreams* (City Lights).

2) New books from the factual to the flamboyant: **Bill Plummer's** *The Holy Gool* (Prentice-Hall): minus the input of Kesey, this biography of Neal Cassidy remains thin but nicely written. **Victor Bokris's** *With William Burroughs: Report from the Bunker* (Seaver): interviews and overheard conversations

with celebrities and W.S.B.—find out what Burroughs and Debbie Harry really have to say to each other. **Jan Kerouac's** *Baby Driver* (St. Martin's): Kerouacian fiction by his daughter—raw talent promises better. **Ken Kesey**, collected in *Spit in the Ocean* (write: S.I.T.O., 85829 Ridgeway Rd., Pleasant Hill, Oregon 97401). 3) To come: **Gerald Nicols's** *Memory Babe* (Grove): a new Kerouac bio; and **Joyce Johnson's** *Minor Characters* (Houghton Mifflin): Beat reminiscence by Kerouac's ex-girl friend.

—Regina Weinreich



If album covers were to be taken at surface value, one might believe Billy Idol and Richard Hell performed in the same genre. After all, they're both ostensibly "new-wave" songwriters who emerged at about the same time (Idol with Generation X, Hell with Television and the Heartbreakers) and seem to focus on the dark side of things. But, even though the Rolling Stones and the Monkees dominated the charts in the late sixties and had similar haircuts, you wouldn't lump them together musically; Idol and Hell have about as

much in common.

Hell (née Meyers) is legitimate punk: he can't sing particularly well, he always looks like he just woke up, and his band sounds like they're playing in three different keys at once. Idol's voice is well-trained enough for him to reasonably mimic Jim Morrison's, he always looks immaculately trendy, and his band seems groomed for Bloomingdale's version of "downtown." The difference is that **Richard Hell & the Void-oids** capture a genuine energy which they portray via a chaotic thrust, while **Billy Idol** apes his predecessors with the help of a steady dance beat. Some may argue that regurgitation is in the spirit of the Punk Movement, but I'd rather not listen to it.

On record, the situation is slightly evened out—not being able to see Billy Idol as he vocalizes on his self-named solo debut (Chrysalis), the temptation to want to punch his face in isn't quite so strong. As for Hell's latest, *Destiny Street* (Red Star, dist. by Jem), it doesn't capture the Hell persona as well as it's projected live, probably due to new bandmembers Ivan Julian (guitar) and Vinnie de Nunzio (drums)—both of whom are far better attuned to Hell's songs than the album's players (guitarist Naux and ex-Material drummer Fred Maher). Still, it's far more interesting to listen to Hell go for it and not reach it than it is to hear Billy Idol's prefab Monkee-punk with no other aspiration than to sell records.

—Jon Tiven

A 1982
Cannes Film
Festival entry,
director Susan
Seidelman's
Smitherens ex-
hibits a genuine
affection
for the
kooks who
inhabit it.

BLOW UP

Take one improbable heroine, add an irregular love triangle, beat with a rock soundtrack (the Feelies, Richard Hell), fold in a gritty urban environment, and sprinkle liberally with punk rock clichés, and you have the makings of **Smitherens**, the kind of "midnight movie" that only the French would dare call Art. But they invented new wave, remember?

A 1982 Cannes Film Festival entry, director Susan Seidelman's *Lower East Side Story* attempts to capture the characters and lifestyles of the New York new-wave ghetto during the last days of the seventies with mixed results. Suffused with pop iconography and situational comedy, *Smitherens* exhibits a genuine affection for the kooks who inhabit it, despite some ridiculous, unrealistic episodes.

Seminal punker Richard Hell rises above the stereotypical burnt-out musician with a naturalistic performance that could only have come from personal experience. His portrayal of Eric is an innovative riff on the amoral anti-hero, epitomized by Jean-Paul Bel-mondo in countless French flicks, but it is Susan Berman as the impossibly gauche Wren who sits restlessly at the film's emotional and moral center. Too bad *Smitherens* couldn't have delved deeper into the roots of her desperate boredom and stardust instead of

Roger Jett (left), Susan Berman, and Richard Hell contemplate the harmful side-effects of group sex, in *Smithereens*.



bouncing her around in a punky *Perils of Pauline*. Wren has the earmarks of a truly tragic character, an example of what it's like to be alienated amongst your peers in the anomie decade. But, then, she seems to understand what it feels like to be exploited for your wackiness. "Everyone's a little weird these days," she explains. "It's normal."

—David Keeps

GREASY SHOP OF HORRORS



Little Shop of Horrors' Hy Anzell (left) and Lee Wilkof green-thumbing their way to stardom.

In 1960 Roger Corman, master of schlock shock films, did a three-day wonder called *Little Shop of*

Horrors, a cute tale of a down-and-out pair of florists and their man-eating plant. It became a cult hit, se-

cured Corman's place as history's quickie-movie king, and paved the way for dozens of cheap imitations.

Howard Ashman and Alan Menken have adapted the old film into a new musical, currently an Off-Broadway hit at New York's Orpheum Theater. The play follows the film's plot, where two florists use a man-eating plant to gain fame and fortune, and looks backward to its 1960 setting, in much the same way as *Grease* (it even includes a trio of street trolleys who read *Famous Monsters of Filmland* as they warble). The true stars of the show—besides Hy Anzell's hilarious Mushkin the florist—are Martin Robinson's puppets, who portray the various stages of Audrey II, the singing Venus Man-Trap.

The music is just sleazy enough to please, but not nearly as down and dirty as it should be. It's certainly the eighties successor to *Rocky Horror*.

—Tom Sciaccia

TANKS FOR THE MEMORY

Photo by Peter Cunningham

They're called sensory deprivation tanks, but there is actually a lot of sensory stimulation going on in there; you create your own. You step into a dark tank with ten inches of Epsom Salt-saturated water, and your mind runs rampant.

One guy thought he saw the future in there. "Prophetic vision of A.D. 2000," he wrote. "No nukes, no money, no ownership, yes love."

You're vulnerable to phosphenes (light patterns created by the brain in the absence of light), as well as dreams, images, childhood recollections, and strange sounds. The "trip" has been likened to hallucinogenic drugs, except that it's generally relaxing and you can always reach for the escape hatch.

Mike Hutchison, a writer who's been in isolation tanks more than once, vividly remembers his first time. "I was getting a lot of visual static—checkerboard patterns, stars, and spirals. I opened my eyes, which had no effect. Sometimes the visions were just pictures of faces saying things. I had one childhood recollection: when I was three in Pittsburgh, we had blinds with a drawcord that I used to suck on. It had a very odd taste. I hadn't thought about it for twenty to thirty years, but that taste came back to me."

The significance of the particular images or memories that come up is best left to analysts, but it's safe to say that the random things you'll see in isolation may not be so random. "I dreamt that I picked up a hitchhiker," one (paranoid) person relates. "He began talking nonstop, and I looked at him, wondering if he was going to hurt me. Finally, I said, 'Are you always like this?' Well, 'I'm tripping now,' he said. I opened my eyes and realized that I was dealing with my fears about letting go."

"There was a palace that came up on a tongue of black cloud," remembers someone else. "Its gate was

You've
worn
the T-shirt
you've used
the paper
weight, now read
the book

very far away, a faintly glowing red. When thought might go in, the gate went black and the long path leading to it faded away. Everything was behind a veil. Next time I want to see it."

One guy found himself thinking about his old barber who'd become upset when he started letting his hair grow in the sixties. One woman heard herself reprimanding her son for making too much noise before realizing she was in the tank. Lots of people feel like they've returned to their mothers' wombs, and like it ("It was soft, secure, happy," relates one person. "She loves me so much.")

A lot of anxieties, fears, and fantasies come into play in this closed environment, where you're denied the usual bombardment of sights and sounds and forced to confront your mind's—and body's—workings alone. At Tranquility Tanks in New York, patrons scribble notations in a book after they emerge, and their impressions are revealed.

"My toes have holes between them," one person wrote. "I am a wooden doll in the ocean. A dinosaur with large wings soars down out of the sky. Am I prey?" "I felt as though my body were moving through space," someone else wrote. "At one point all vision turned into a green mass with an indistinguishable object in the center. Maybe next time I'll make out what it was." One guy thought he saw the future in there. "Prophet's vision of A.D. 2000," he wrote. "No nukes, no money, no ownership, yes love."

The visions reported most often are stars, prisms, clouds, flowers, and rainbows. Many feel as if they're floating on a river or in space. People frequently become fixated on their own heartbeats ("I heard my pulse in my ear and thought it was my neighbor's disco.") though one person said he heard his body talk to him in foreign tongues. One lady said she felt as if crystals of glass or sat were cutting at her throat, a reminder that the isolation tank isn't always a purely blissful experience.

A lot of the experience depends upon what you make of it: the extent to which you're willing to release yourself to the dark, isolated environment. "It's like going to the movies," said one person, "and getting to choose your own film."

Michael Musto



It's possible that the best fantasy you'll read this month is **Baird Searles, Beth Meacham, and Michael Franklin's *A Reader's Guide to Fantasy*** (Avon), which will lead you clearly and compassionately to everything good that's been written in the last 100 years. *Everything*, from obscure "children's" authors to the only six stories ever written about Jireh, the woman warrior (by Catherine

Moore). Otherwise, poor hapless soul, you may end up trapped in the unspeakable horror of **Asa Drake's *The Lair of Ancient Dreams*** (Avon), under the misapprehension that you're getting a stunning novel about a priest and priestess of the Sumerian Mother Goddess who are reincarnated as witch and witch-hunter in Inquisition days, and find true love through their ancient religion. It's all true except for the "stunning." Historical inaccuracies, simple-minded philosophy and unbelievable coincidences all add up to one of those so bad-it's-good books—a sort of *I Was a Teenage Werewolf* of the literary (I use the term loosely) world. Now you can have your popcorn and read it too.

You've worn the T-shirt, you've used the paperweight, now read the book ***Unicorns!* (Ace)**. One guaranteed you-know-what in every story. The real question with such an opportunistic collection is, do the stories stand on their own merit? Some do, some don't. Most are reprints, mingling classics with the forgotten and should-be's. Since nothing links them but the subject, they range from lyrical Sturgeon to tough boy Ellison, satiric de Camp to sophisticated Wolfe. Editors **Jack Dann and Gardner Dozois** have a preference for the modern and relevant (neat trick, considering); not for the grass-ropes-and-virgin-crowd.

Despite the warrior-ridden unicorn on its cover, the mass-market release of ***The Grey Mane of Morning*** (Bantam) probably won't

sell any better than it did in trade size—because it still isn't a very good book. Highly anthropologically realized nomads trek past the 300-page mark, and still nothing happens. It's hard to believe this is the same **Joy Chant** who wrote the wonderful *Red Moon* and *Black Mountain*, set in the same world of Vandare. I'd say forget it, but the interior b&w illustrations by Martin White are alone worth the cover price.

Actually there is hope, if you're willing to walk boldly into the children's section of your library and ask for ***The Darkangel*** (Atlantic/Little Brown), by **Meredith Ann Pierce**. A beautiful vampire who wears the veiled souls of his thirteen wives on a chain around his neck, is confronted by a stubborn slave girl already half in love with him. The writing is flawless, the world created in crystalline detail. An adult sf pb publisher has just paid big bucks for this one—get to it before the masses do.

As an antidote to Drake's bogus Italian Inquisition, you might try the first two books of **C.J. Steyvers's** The Alchemist series: ***Death of a Borgia*** and ***The Duke and the Veil*** (Ace/Charter). A cocco-headed Englishman studying alchemy in Renaissance Rome is repeatedly interrupted at his work by the Borgias, who want him to solve the poisonings of people they swear they never touched. . . . Clever funny, and suspenseful, this series renews your faith in light reading, and you don't have to wash your hands afterwards.

Ellen Kustner

CRYPTICA

In the Clinch • Let's say the Moral Majority did take over, and decided that castration, death by stoning, or praying till you drop through effective—hadn't totally stamped out fornication. After all, some perfidious perpetrators might have evaded detection. The trick would be to somehow make the act itself dangerous. Accordingly, the answer to righteous prayers may lie in recent synthetic pheromone (attraction hormone) research, in which two different species of insects were induced to copulate against you-know-Who's will. Once united, the love-bugs became mechanically locked because their genitalia did not fit correctly. They eventually died.

Smell Track • Polyester was the "Odorama" film which required the audi-

ence to scratch and sniff cards with smells keyed to appropriate scenes on the screen. But, long before that in 1954, inventors Hans Laube and Bert Goode had concocted a method of synchronizing fume and film. Their idea was to trigger the release of odor clouds through in-theater vents by optical signals from the movie itself. It didn't work. The scents lingered too long and piled on top of one another, so that by the end audiences were enveloped in a suffocating, impossible-to-breathe atmosphere.

Pigeon Post • Though the Lockheed Aircraft Corporation has little difficulty hurling hardware across continents and beyond the stratosphere, they need help when it comes to transporting small packages thirty miles. Help from pigeons. Since January, a four-day-a-week pigeon shuttle service has been carrying microfilm from the company's Sunnyvale, California, installation thirty miles across the mountains to the Feltton air base. The

alternative computer-linked information transmittal has proved prohibitively costly compared to maintaining pigeons. What they haven't considered, however, is interception by feline Russian eagles with a penchant for pigeon pie.

Roach Clip • The cult's manifesto reads "As man has caused poisons to rain down about the bowed head of the *Betella germanica* (cockroach, to you) and its fellows, so have the multinational rain toxins and unbelievable horrors upon our heads." Since the roach has survived all that and more for 350 million years (and is one of the few creatures capable of surviving a nuclear explosion), Josef Gregor believes his roach-hormone extract can do the same for humans. So he's petitioning the FDA to expedite the approval process for his Super-Roach Hormone Extract pills. Extracted from specially bred super roaches and blended with vitamins and minerals, Gregor's panacea has already attracted a cult of

seventy followers who swear by the stuff. Rumor has it the whole thing is a mere preliminary to his real project to establish a nationwide chain of motels where people check in.

Keeping a Cool Head • Say you're strolling down a sweltering city street with sunshine parking on your aching head. You could do with a hat, but the thought of a sweaty rim weighing on your scalp makes you feel even warmer. What if the hat were refrigerated? Inventors and Investors, Inc., of Massachusetts have come up with exactly that: an electrical system of cooling an overheated brow by direct refrigeration. The device consists of two parallel electrodes, one of which is heated, causing the other to cool down. The cold element is kept in contact with the head. Power for the gadget is a problem, though. The manufacturers suggest a small cell, but others believe a hot-plate solar panel would do the trick.

Meix Kaylan

IT'S ONE HUNDRED YEARS AFTER 1984, THE GOOD NEWS IS THAT BIG GOVERNMENT IS NO LONGER A PROBLEM. THE BAD NEWS IS THAT ROBOTS HAVE DECIDED THE HUMAN RACE IS OBSOLETE AND HAS TO BE ERASED. YOU - THE ROBOTRON: 2084 VIDEO GAME PLAYER- ARE MANKIND'S SAVIOR, A GENETIC SUPERMAN WHO MUST SAVE THE LAST HUMAN FAMILY (DADDY, MOMMY, AND MIKEY). EUGENE JARVIS, WHO DESIGNED ROBOTRON, BELIEVES THAT THIS SCENARIO IS NOT ONLY POSSIBLE, BUT LIKELY.

ROBOTRON IS A FUN GAME YOU GET TO KILL LOTS OF ROBOTS AND MONSTERS-SOME OF WHOM MIGHT REMIND YOU OF PEOPLE YOU WENT TO SCHOOL WITH. IT'S VERY FAST MOVING, YOU NEED SUPERHUMAN REFLEXES AND COORDINATION TO DO WELL. EVEN HIGH-SCORING GAMES ARE NOT LONG-LASTING UNLESS YOU GET REAL HOT AND SCORE A MILLION OR SO.

THE TRICK, ON EVERY LEVEL, IS TO AVOID THE ROBOTS AND THEIR WEAPONS. YOU SCORE BIG BY SAVING FAMILY MEMBERS AND THERE'S MORE OF THEM AS THE LEVELS GET HIGHER. I GUESS THEY'RE CLONES

ROBOTRON: 2084

ROBOTRON ©1982 BY WILLIAMS

REVIEW ©1982 BY HOLMSTROM



BECAUSE IT'S STILL THE LAST HUMAN FAMILY. I ASSUME THAT THE GAY POPULATION AREN'T WORTH SAVING BECAUSE THEY DON'T FORM FAMILY UNITS-THE BUILDING BLOCKS OF CIVILIZATION. DITTO FOR THE SINGLES SCENE AND THE ELDERLY. THEY'RE ALL ROBOT FOOD IN 100 YEARS. GOOD NEWS FOR RACISTS-THE LAST HUMAN FAMILY IS WHITE.

ROBOTRON IS THE FIRST VIDEO GAME WITH A STORY-LINE THAT'S SPELLED OUT FOR YOU RIGHT FROM THE BEGINNING. UNFORTUNATELY IT ALSO ENDS THERE. YOU NEVER LEARN WHAT HAPPENS TO THE LAST HUMAN FAMILY. YOU SPEND 25¢ AND A LOT OF TROUBLE SAVING THEM, BUT YOU NEVER FIND OUT IF THEY LIVE OR DIE.

IT REALLY WOULDN'T MATTER, THOUGH, EVEN IF THE LAST HUMAN FAMILY MADE IT PAST THE HULK, TANK, GRUNT, AND BRAIN ROBOTRONS, THE INCEST THAT WOULD BE NECESSARY TO SURVIVE WOULD PRODUCE A RACE OF MORONS, CRETINS, AND IMBECILES.

ON THE OTHER HAND, THE MORE THINGS WOULD CHANGE, THE MORE THEY'D STAY THE SAME. -JOHN HOLMSTROM

The Theory of Heavolution

As man evolves,
so do
his
reading
habits



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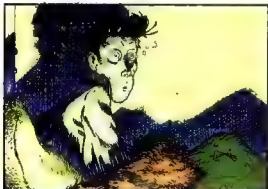
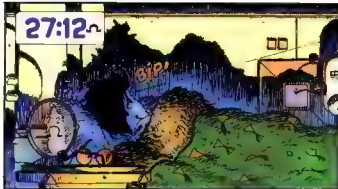
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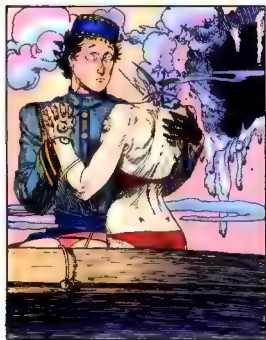
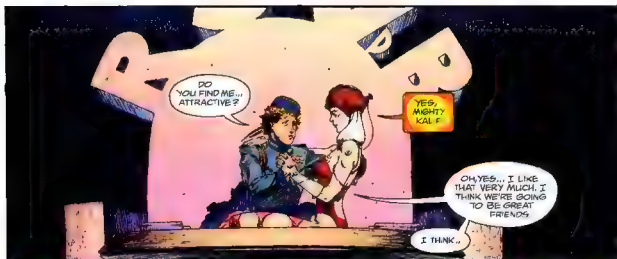
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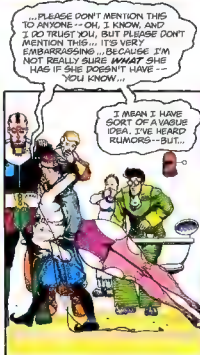
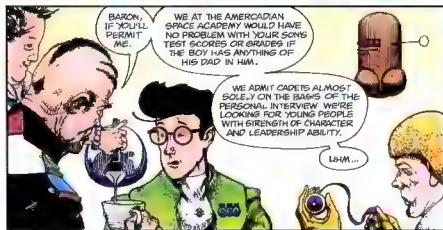
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STARSTRUCK

IN THE FIRST EPISODE WE MET THE BARON SATAR OF SEVEN PLANETS AND HIS SON KALIF, A SCATTERBRAINED TEEN-AGER, WHO IS NOT QUITE UP TO SNUFF IN HIS DAD'S EYES.









NO, NO, NO...
IT'S JUST THAT I'VE
RECENTLY TAKEN AN
INTEREST IN EMERGING
YOUNG
PLAYWRIGHTS...

FORGET
IT, DARLING,
HE'S INTO
WOMEN.

...ESPECIALLY
IF THEY'RE
EXCITED BY
THINGS OF A
CLASSICAL
NATURE?

NO
NO NO
NO



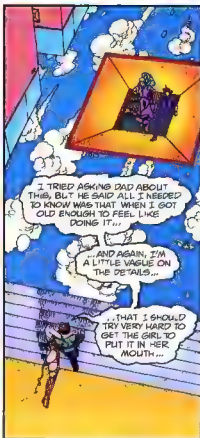
THAT'S *NOT* THE KIND
OF INVESTMENT I'M
TALKING ABOUT...

THAT *LAST*
ONE MADE A
BUNDLE.

WHAT'S THE
NAME OF HIS
LATEST?

"AREIOPOSITICA"

OH, GOD! THEY'LL
ALL BE WEARING
TOGAS NEXT
CY...



I TRIED ASKING DAD ABOUT
THIS, BUT HE SAID ALL I NEEDED
TO KNOW WAS THAT WHEN I GOT
OLD ENOUGH TO FEEL LIKE
DOING IT...

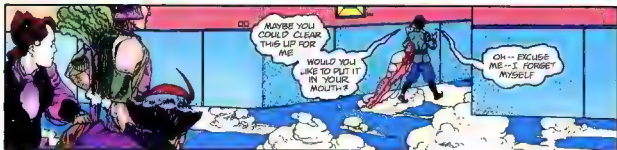
...AND AGAIN, I'M
A LITTLE VAGUE ON
THE DETAILS...

...THAT I SHOULD
TRY VERY HARD TO
GET THE GIRL TO
PUT IT IN HER
MOUTH...



...BUT THAT I SHOULD
NEVER, *UNDER ANY*
CIRCUMSTANCES, PUT
HERS IN MY MOUTH.

THIS HAS ADDED
GREATLY TO MY
CONFUSION AS I
DIDN'T THINK
GIRLS HAD
ANY

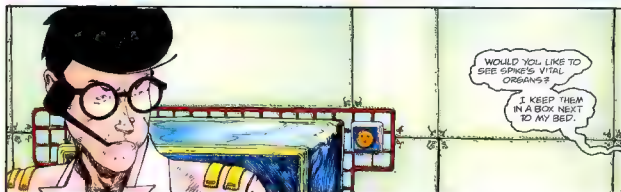
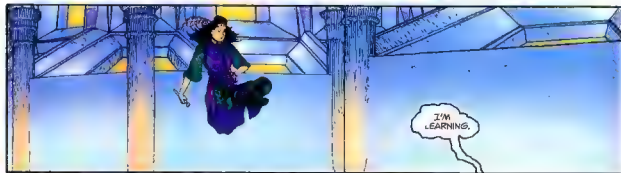
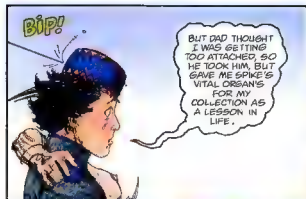
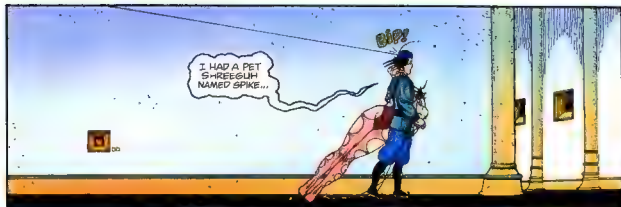


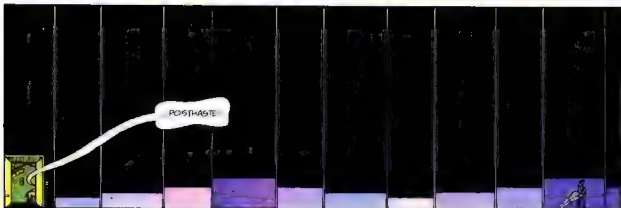
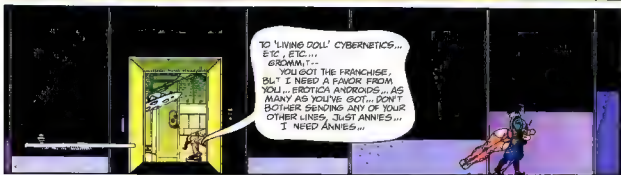
MAYBE YOU
COULD CLEAR
THIS UP FOR
ME

WOULD YOU
LIKE TO PUT IT
IN YOUR
MOUTH?

OH... EXCUSE
ME-- I FORGOT
MYSELF







ZIPPY

... AM I
MERCHANDISED
YET??



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Send me the item(s) checked below

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| State T-Shirt size S M L XL | |

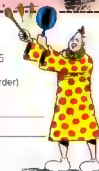
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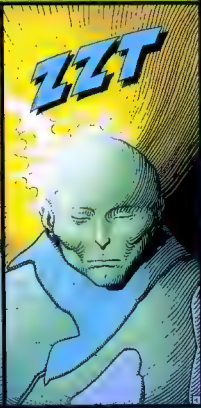
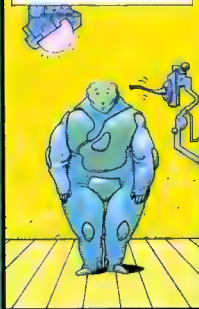
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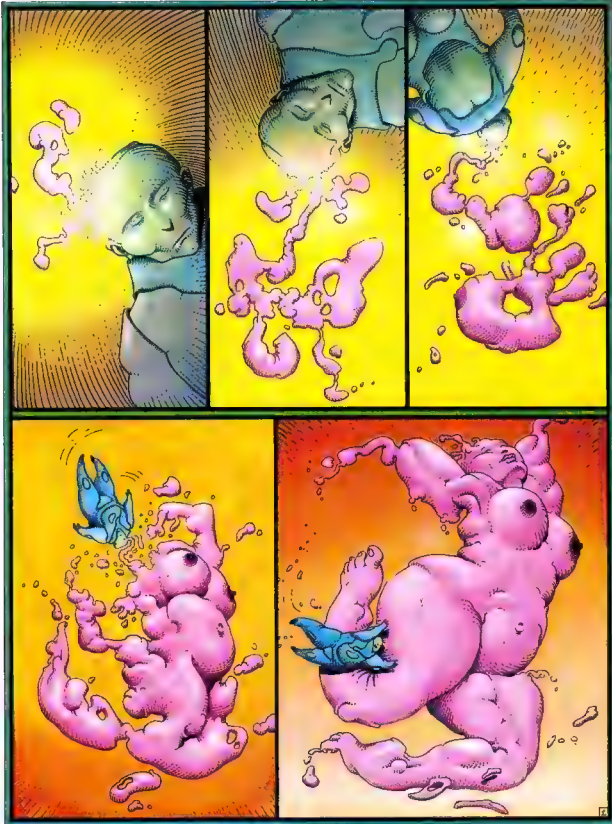
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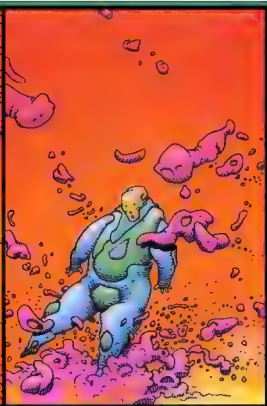
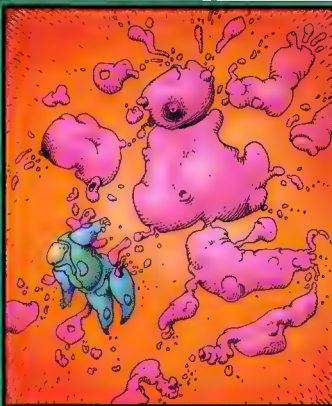


WELCOME, DEAR CITIZEN! YOU HAVE JUST ENTERED INTO THE EMOTIONAL DECONTAMINATION MACHINE. BY YOUR OWN FREE WILL WE ARE GOING TO PROCEED IMMEDIATELY TO THE TEMPORARY DISCONNECTION OF YOUR

LEFT HEMISPHERE, IN ORDER TO ESTABLISH A STATE OF READINESS IN THE RIGHT HEMISPHERE. THUS, THE END RESULT IS CALLED "A STATE OF LIGHT TRANCE." NOW, RELAX. THE OPERATION IS, ERRR, VIRTUALLY RISK FREE.



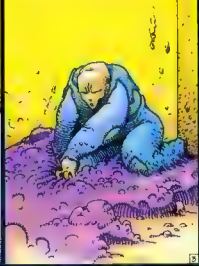
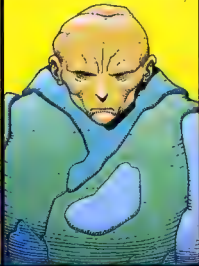
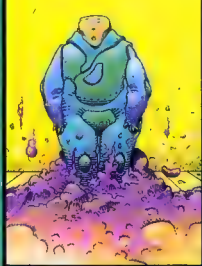




TING!

THANK YOU THE EVACUATION
OF YOUR PSYCHIC REFUSE IS
NOW TERMINATED. YOUR
B.R. WILL BE INCINERATED.
PLEASE EVACUATE THE
CABIN, AND JOIN THE WORLD
OF 'EN.

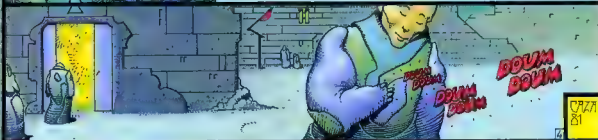
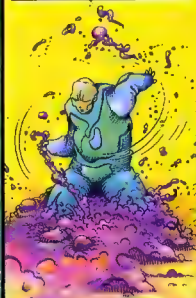
I REPEAT THE EVACUATION
PROCESS HAS BEEN COM-
PLETED. PLEASE LEAVE
THE CABIN AT ONCE...



AND REJOIN THE WORLD
OF 'EN. I REPEAT THE
EVACUATION PROCESS HAS
BEEN COMPLETED. PLEASE
LEAVE THE CABIN AT ONCE.

YOUR PSYCHIC REFUSE
WILL BE INCINERATED.

I REPEAT THE EVACUA
TION PROCESS HAS BEEN
COMPLETED. PLEASE
LEAVE THE CABIN AT ONCE.
YOUR PSYCHIC REFUSE
WILL BE INCINERATED.



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ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

THE APE

LAST WE READ, THE APE HAD GONE TO THE UNITED VILLAGE IN ORDER TO AID ITS PEOPLE BUT ONCE HE GOT THERE HE WAS TAKEN BY THE EMPEROR OF JADE AND CARRIED OFF TO THE KINGDOM OF YAMA.





A FEW DAYS LATER AT THE CHATEAU OF CLOUDS...

YOUR MAJESTY, THE DRAGON OF THE EASTERN SEA HAS A PROBLEM THAT HE WOULD LIKE TO TALK TO YOU ABOUT HE IS RIGHT OUT OF HIS DEE

AND HE DEMANDED MY WEAPON AND THEN SLAPPED ME I HATE HIM HE'S THAT AWFUL YOUNG APE!

HE IS A PROBLEM, KNT HE? I SENT HIM TO THE KINGDOM OF THE DEAD, AND HE CROSSED HIMSELF, AND HIS WHOLE TRIBE OFF OF THE LIST OF PEOPLE WHO ARE SOON TO DIE

YOUR MAJESTY, WITH ALL DUE RESPECT, WE DO HAVE A CONTRACT THE APE CAN NOT ESCAPE HIS EVENTUAL DOOM IMMORTALITY IS A FALSE HOPE

THIS YOUNG APE HAS BEEN A GREAT DEAL OF TROUBLE, I SEE!

HELP ME UP CHILDREN

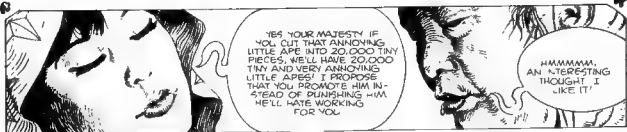
YES MY SAVIOR HAS HIT THE PROVERBIAL NAIL RIGHT ON THE HEAD

WE MUST ARM A CELESTIAL TROOP OF 20,000 MINDS, IN ORDER TO SCATTER THIS IMPERTINENT YOUNG CHIMP INTO 20,000 LITTLE PIECES

NO, WE MUSTN'T

I, EMPEROR OF JADE, SAVIOR OF ET CETERA, ET CETERA, ET CETERA, SAY TO YOU, THE DRAGON OF THE EASTERN SEA, TO RETURN IN SPITE OF YOUR MISHAP RETURN TO YOUR KINGDOM, KNOWING THAT THE YOUNG APE WILL BE AVENGED AND THE SAME HOLDS TRUE FOR YOU, CARETAKER OF THE KINGDOM OF THE DEAD

DO YOU HAVE ANOTHER SOUTION MY DEAR INOIRAT



AND WITH HIS TOOLS OF MAGIC, THE YOUNG APE BUILT HIMSELF A MOTOR CYCLE IDENTICAL TO THE ONE OF THE MESSENGER

OYE-
OYE,
SLUG!!!

WAIT!

I HAVE
THE INVITA-
TION HERE
AS PROOF!

HOW
DO WE KNOW
THAT YOU ARE
REALLY THE
YOUNG APE?

AND YOU
KNOW WHAT
THIS IS
DON'T YOU?

STOP!

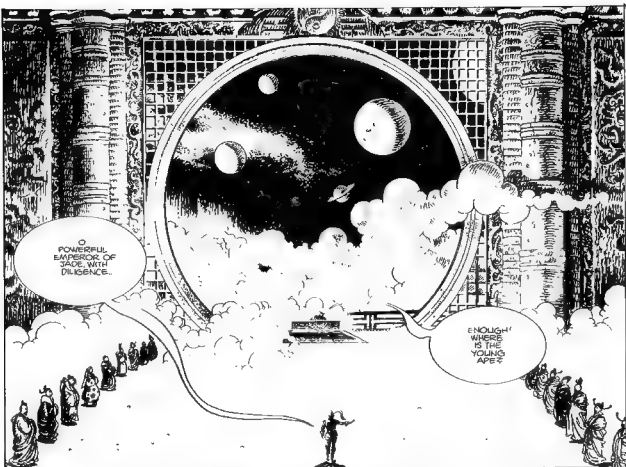
YOU
WERE SO EAGER
TO GET HERE BE-
FORE ME, I DIDN'T HAVE
A CHANCE TO WARN THE
GUARDS ABOUT YOU.
GO AHEAD IN, YOU MAY
ENTER NOW, AND
GET A HOLD OF
YOURSELF.

TUMP
TUMP TUMP

BOY,
ANYONE CAN
GET UP TO
HEAVEN,
NOWADAYS

MAYBE
HE GOT A
GOOD RECOMMEN-
DATION!

THEY
PROBABLY
JUST WANT
MIA FOR
SHOVELING
HORSESHIT!



O
POWERFUL
EMPEROR OF
JADE WITH
DILIGENCE..

ENOUGH!
WHERE IS
THE
YOUNG
APE?



HERE
I AM!
HOW'S IT
GOING
EMPEROR?



HOHOHO YOU REALLY ARE AN
OVERANXIOUS
LITTLE DEVIL
YOU DON'T SLAP
THE EMPEROR ON
THE BACK! YOU
MUST LEARN HOW
TO BEHAVE IN THE
PALACE



I HAVE HEARD THAT
YOU CAN DO EX-
CEPTIONAL TRICKS
WITH YOUR EN-
CHANTED WEAPON!
LET ME
SEE
IT!

CAREFUL,
YOUR
MAJESTY!
IT'S VERY
HEAVY!

SO GIVE
IT TO THE
MINISTERS
OF WAR!



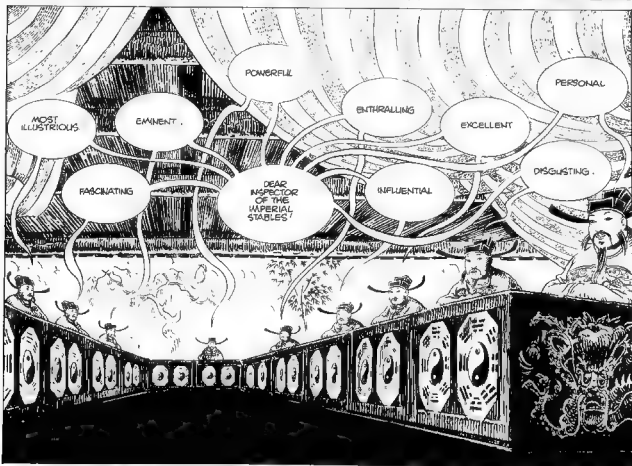
GOD
SAVE THE
EMPEROR!
AAAAHHH!

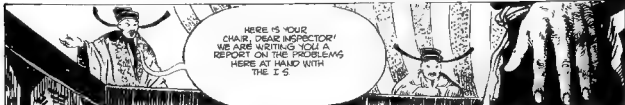
CROK



I THINK I UNDERSTAND NOW
THIS, ERR, WEAPON'S MULTI-
PURPOSE. AM I CORRECT IN
ASSUMING IT'S A VIBRATOR.
AMONG OTHER THINGS, NEVER
MIND-THAT'S PERSONAL! COME
BY AND SEE ME ONE OF THESE
NIGHTS AT THE IMPERIAL
APARTMENTS. I KNOW
THE GIRLS WANT TO
MEET YOU, ES-
PECIALLY INDIRA!







HERE IS YOUR
CHAIR, DEAR INSPECTOR!
WE ARE WRITING YOU A
REPORT ON THE PROBLEMS
HERE AT HAND WITH
THE I'S.



I DON'T
UNDER-
STAND WHO
ARE YOU?

WELL, THIS WHOLE THING
EMANATES FROM THE PERSONNEL
DEPARTMENT. WHENEVER THEY HAVE
TO FIND A NEW POSITION FOR SOME-
ONE, THEY MAKE HIM INSPECTOR
OF THE I'S. FOR LACK OF A
BETTER TITLE. NOW, PUT ON YOUR
HAT, AND DON'T GIVE US ANY
TROUBLE. OKAY?



THEY'VE GOT
ANOTHER THING
COMING

THEY
OBSOLETELY
AREN'T AWARE OF
WHAT A TALENTED APE
I AM! I HAVE
SEVENTY-TWO TRANS-
FORMATIONS
AT MY FINGERTIPS!

OH,
NO!

DO THEY
REALIZE
THAT I AM A
KING? THAT I
RIDE THE FASTEST
CLOUDS OF
AUGUST?

SKRASS

WHO DO
THEY THINK
I AM?



HALT!
YOU ARE
NOT
ALLOWED TO
LEAVE!

LET HIM
GO. HE'S
SUCH AN
ASS!

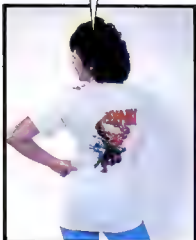
MEN! WOMEN! ANDROIDS! ROBOTS! PSEUDO-HUMANS! EXTRATERRESTRIALS! ARE YOU ALWAYS PROPERLY ATTIRED FOR ANY FUNCTION ON ANY WORLD?



ON BRIGHT DESERT PLANETS, DOES THE LIGHT OF A RED SUN BOUNCE OFF THE FRONT OF YOUR DURABLE COTTON HEAVY METAL CAPTAIN STERNN T-SHIRT?



NOT TO MENTION THE BACK?



ON THE DARK SIDES OF VARIOUS MOONS, ARE YOU ALWAYS RADIANT IN YOUR OFFICIAL HEAVY METAL T-SHIRT... IN BLACK OR RED?



DO YOU LAUGH AT THE COLD AND FIERCE DESERT WINDS ON FROZEN PLANETIDS WHEN YOU'RE WEARING YOUR SILVER HEAVY METAL JACKET?



DOES YOUR BRONZE HEAVY METAL BELT BUCKLE KEEP YOUR PANTS FROM FALLING DOWN TO YOUR TWO-OR MORE-ANKLES WHILE YOU RUN AROUND THE UNIVERSE?



WELL, IF NOT, WRAP YOUR TENTACLES AROUND A PAIR OF SCISSORS AND CLIP THIS COUPON. ORDER YOUR HEAVY METAL APPAREL TODAY!



OR HOP IN A TIME MACHINE AND GO BACK AND ORDER HIM-WEAR YESTER-DAY!

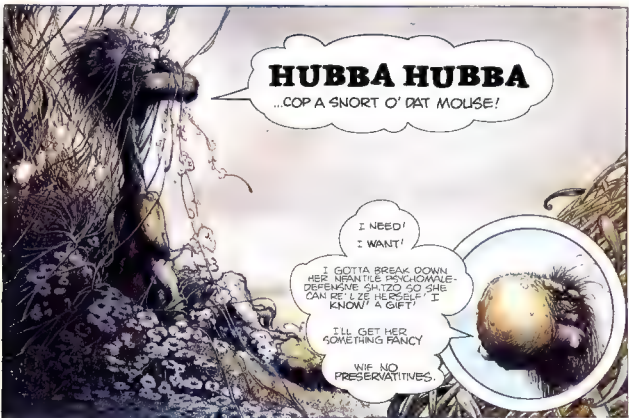
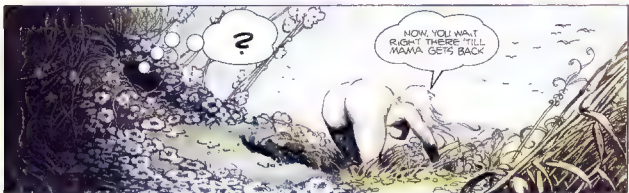
HEAVY METAL DEPT 1082
855 MADISON AVENUE
NEW YORK, NY 10022

PLEASE SEND ME THE FOLLOWING ITEMS

- CAPTAIN STERNN T-SHIRTS — SMALL — MEDIUM — LARGE
AT \$6.00 EACH PLUS \$1.90 FOR POSTAGE AND HANDLING.
- HEAVY METAL T-SHIRTS — SMALL — MEDIUM — LARGE AT
\$7.00 EACH (POSTAGE AND HANDLING ARE INCLUDED IN PRICE.)
- HEAVY METAL JACKETS — SMALL — MEDIUM — LARGE AT
\$36.00 EACH (POSTAGE AND HANDLING ARE INCLUDED IN PRICE.)
- HEAVY METAL BELT BUCKLES AT \$10.95 EACH.
(POSTAGE AND HANDLING ARE INCLUDED IN PRICE.)

NEW YORK STATE RESIDENTS ADD APPLICABLE SALES TAX
TOTAL ENCLOSED _____

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____



LATER..

MUDWOGS IS DA
MOST FEROCIOUS PRED-
ATORS N ALL TH' FOR-
EST! LET THE COMARLY
M'IONS FLEE BEFORE
HIS WRATHFUL PRON!
HAR-HAR!

HUH? WHAT'S THAT
N THE BRUSH AHEAD?

JEEEEESUS!
IT'S A FUK'N PENCIL-
NECK GEEK!

KILL
IT!

GO 'HAYD N' ROAST T LP

GO 'HAYD N' FRAH IT UP

YUM YUM EAT 'EM UP!

AN' NOW T' FIND TH'
BEAUTIFUL BUXOM BROAD
AN' PRESENT HER WIT' DA
SUCKULANT CUISINE

LATER

OOOOHHH.
BABY, ASSEPT
DIS INSIGNIFICANT
AND HUMBLE GIFT
O' GOODIES DAT
YOU MAY LOOK WIT'
GREAT FAVOR UPON
DIS FACE AND
COME ACROSS
WIT' SOME
GOOD NOOKIES
UNDER DA MOON
TIGHT! YUK!

Z

BASH
MASH
THUNK!
WONK!

AHHHHHHH

COP A SNORT O' DIS!
HAR!

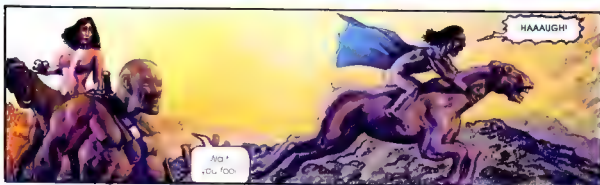
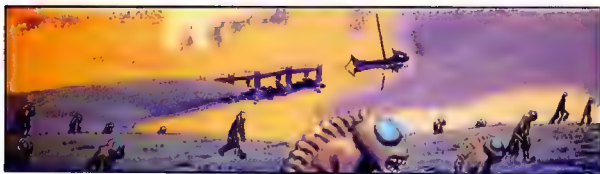
!Z!

MAYBE SHE WOULD
LIKED FLOWERS BETTER

THE END

DEN II

Last issue Den and Muuta escaped the Dramte attack. They were on their way to Minimuut, unaware of the fact that the Dramites had surrounded them.

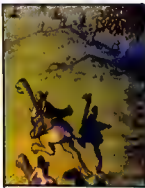




SCATTER?



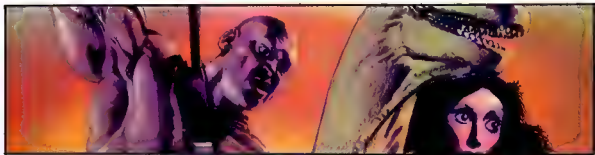
SHREEETTTTTT

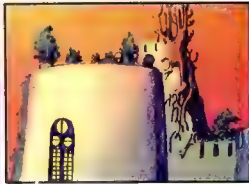
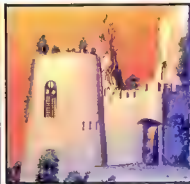
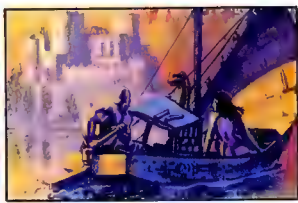


Now we go!

YAAAAUUUUUGH!





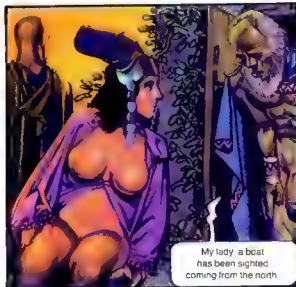


There's been no sign of them for a week now.
Are they gone for good?

I hope so. We are fortunate the primitive
creatures can't swim.

And what of your people in Mal'taron? A
mere hundred or so against those millions.
They're doomed.



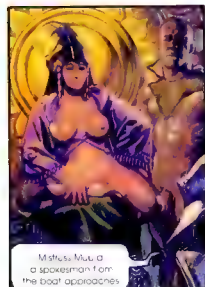
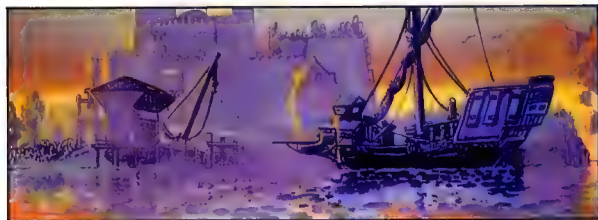


My lady a boat
has been sighted
coming from the north

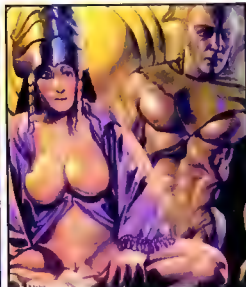


She bears your insignia
from Muuldran.

Is much for your prophecy, of doom. Dan
They bring news of the Dramles de
struction



Master Muuldran
a spokesman from
the boat approaches



What's he in after
Speak man



He's mute.
Perhaps this
explains it.



Greetings Muuta
was a good man of noble blood and you rejected
me. Much has happened since then and I now
come to you as a king. My soldiers have taken
Muutaron and are now holding your subjects there
for my pleasure. To deny me now is to bring
destruction to all your people.
Your humble, loving servant, Tam.



A Dramile!

Don't
touch him!



Tam?

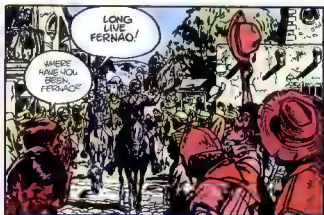
THE EMERALD LAKE

by Moebius

BRAZIL, EARLY EIGHTEENTH CENTURY AD. VENTURERS OF ALL RACES TRAVELED ALONG THE COUNTRY-SIDE IN SEARCH OF FABULOUS BUT OFTEN IMAGINARY RICHES.



THE BAND OF FERNÃO DIAZ DOES IS PARTICULARLY FAMOUS IN SÃO PAULO.





I HAVE VERY LITTLE TO REPORT TO YOU! THE EXPEDITION WAS A FAILURE! WE WERE ABLE TO BRING BACK ONLY A FEW SMALL ANIMAL PELTS! BUT WE WILL BE OFF AGAIN! SOON, AND! THIS TIME WE WILL FIND THE LAKE OF EMERALDS OF WHICH THE INDIAN LEGEND SPEAKS! YOU WILL ALL BE RICH! THE HEALTHIEST OF YOU WILL LEAVE WITH US, AND THE RICHEST WILL SUPPLY US WITH PROVISIONS AND MONEY!



WHO WANTS TO GO WITH US?

ME!

ME!

I DO!

BE COURAGEOUS, FERNÃO!



COME! SWEAR YOUR ALLEGIANCE TO OUR BAND!

BUT THIS TIME, THE MULES WILL FOLD UNDER THE WEIGHT OF GOLD INSTEAD OF SICKNESS!

THE FOLLOWING DAY



THANK YOU FOR TRUSTING ME, MERCHANT! THE GOLD COINS WILL BE PUT TO GOOD USE! YOU WILL NOT BE SORRY!

AND ME TOO, FERNÃO! I TRUST YOU! I HAVE BROUGHT THESE PIGS FOR YOU AND YOUR MEN FOR WHEN YOUR BELIES CAN NO LONGER STAND THE TUGGING OF HUNGER!

GOOD LUCK!

NOT MUCH LATER



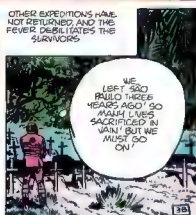
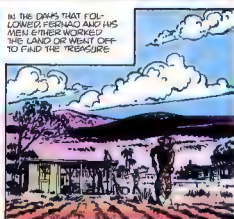
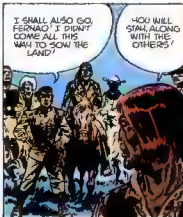
GOOD-BYE, MY FRIENDS! WE SHALL FIND THE ENCHANTED LAKE!

OR WE SHALL NEVER RETURN!

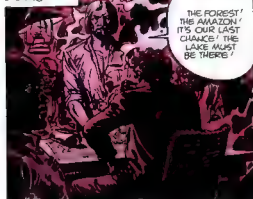


THE LONG WALK INTO THE SERTÃO DESERT HAD BEGUN.

A FEW HOURS LATER



AND, THAT VERY EVENING



THE FOREST!
THE AMAZON!
IT'S OUR LAST
CHANCE! THE
LAKE MUST
BE THERE!

AND NOT A WEEK
LATER, THE TIRING
MARCH BEGAN
AGAIN



BRRR! I LIKED THE SERTAO
BETTER AT LEAST ONE COULD
SEE CLEARLY! THE DESERT
HEAT WAS A PLEASURE, COM-
PARED TO THIS FROST!

I KNOW! IT'S
FRIGHTENING
HERE! I SHOULD
KNOW—I WAS
BORN HERE!



WORTH IT
UP! THESE
WATERS ARE IN-
FESTED WITH
PRANHAS!

THE BRIDGES
OF FORTUNE
ARE
CROSSED!

I HAVE NO
DESIRE TO
BECOME A
SKELETON WITH
IN A MATTER
OF SECONDS!



THE BRIDGE!
IT'S ABOUT TO
GIVE WAY!

QUICK!
I'VE FOUND
THE 'OO
LATE FOR THE ANI-
MALS!



LOOK, THE PIR-
ANHAS! THOSE
FILTHY BRATS
ARE GOING TO
DEVOUR EVERY-
THING!



IS THIS
ALL THAT
IS LEFT
OF OUR
TROOP?

WE WILL
LIVE OFF
THE LAND
THERE SHOULD
BE PLENTY OF
FRUIT TO PICK
AND ANIMALS TO
HUNT! LET'S
MOVE FORWARD
TO THE
LAKE!



TIRE D AND READY
TO GIVE UP THE
TROOP MOVES ON-
WARD THROUGH
THE SWAMP!

UNTIL ONE
DAY, WHEN



LOOK WHAT I HAVE FOR
YOU, FERNÃO! EMERALDS!
THERE IS A BED OF THEM
TWO LEAGUES FROM HERE!

AND SO YOU HAVE IT
FERNÃO HAD SUCCEED-
ED AFTER FOUR YEARS OF
STRUGGLING! HE
AND HIS MEN HAVE DIS-
COVERED THE RICHEST
BED OF EMERALDS IN
ALL OF BRAZIL!
HE WILL DIE DURING
THE RETURN JOUR-
NEY, BUT SÃO
PALLO WILL ONCE
AGAIN PROSPER!



THE
LAKE OF
EMERALDS
IS NO
INDIAN
LEGEND! THEY
WERE SPEAK-
ING THE
TRUTH! WE
WILL RETURN
TO SÃO
PALLO
CONTENT

THE
END

TRAGEDY

CLIPPING: BAY CHARGE AND CHARGE
THE BAY CHARGE AND CHARGE
THE BAY CHARGE AND CHARGE



You must see her
first, times have changed
Timer You were sleeping
far away.

Who lives except me?

The vortex! The ocean of
vision. Is it to talk to
me about my sleep that
you brought me
here?

Not a mistake! Don't fight,
Spharain! She lives and
perhaps you used sleeping
she has awakened
She lives

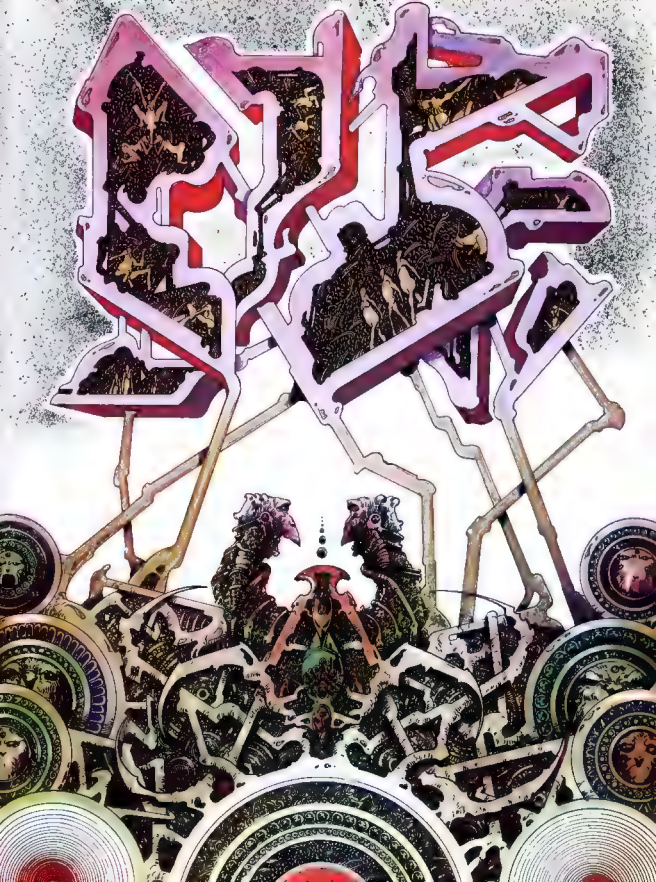
Spharain! I can
protect you...
True.

Spharain? Spharain was
the name of the city
until a madman called
himself its prince.
You hear me? A wanton
traitor. His name will
soon be nothing.
Nothing after I have
scattered it on the sea
of circles.
Nothing when the ships
of the lords cross
over the vortex.

Danger
True









A clumsy sorcerer's games again! The mark of
saber's pygmy spirit! A mouth? Give me Kartzell's
hip that I may cut a thousand from it! Perhaps
we shall understand one another better thus

Three of his phantom-guards, lumbering under
formidable weight, present him with Kartzell's
hip which divides the city into two, throwing
one half back among the steps of the false
equator, leaving the other in the oblivion of
the gods for the sake of his treason

From the depths of the cellars and
crypts where my stone-naulers
sprout, I called your name, magician
prince, but you heard only your
savage dream. You return from so
long ago that your blows are
wasted on illusions and spare only
your enemies.

You were mine and you abandoned
me, you dominated me
and you want to destroy me
between the ocean which was
and the dragons of the end
I was born: I the city,
I saw and grew: I adore you
and I abominate you.

TO BE CONTINUED NEXT TIME

SICK BUT FUNNY

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LAMPOON

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and the End of the World



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ZORA

SO FAR, ZORA AND HER FOUR COMRADES ABOARD THE REACTIVATED *GENESIS II* APPROACH THE HONEYCOMB, WHERE THEY ARE HAILED BY A RENEGADE SISTERHOOD PATROL SHIP ON BOARD, LIEUTENANT NUKA BRINGS THE *GENESIS II* CREW UP TO DATE.

"QUEEN RASAM TRIED TO DISPOSE OF SHARTA BECAUSE OF HER FAILURE TO CRUSH THE REBEL NUKA AND QUEL THE UPRISING, BUT SHARTA BEAT HER TO IT AND KILLED HER."

"NOW SHARTA IS IN CONTROL OF THE SCIENTIFIC COUNCIL, THE POLICE AND THE ARMY UNITS THAT DIDN'T PARTICIPATE IN THE REBELLION! THEY HOLD THE PALACES OF LIFE, SCIENCE AND ENERGY! WE CONTROL THE PALACES OF FOOD AND WEAPONRY."

"WE HAVE A SUFFICIENT NUMBER OF TROOPS, COUNSELOR NUKA, BUT WE'RE WORRIED ABOUT WHAT MIGHT BE HIDDEN IN THE PALACE OF SCIENCE."

"DO YOU KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT MY MEN WHO ARE BEING HELD?"

"NOT A THING, SHARTA, AND THE SCIENTIFIC COUNCIL HAVE THEM."

"THIS WILL BE A WAR OF STRATEGY. NEITHER OF US CAN LAUNCH AN ALL-OUT ATTACK WITHOUT ENDANGERING THE LIFE SUPPORT AND POWER SYSTEMS THAT KEEP THE HONEYCOMB FUNCTIONING."

"ZORA DIDN'T MENTION HER FEARS ABOUT SHARTA'S MACHIAVELLIAN NATURE IF SHE CHOSE TO USE THE SECRET DISCOVERIES FROM THE PALACE OF SCIENCE..."

"WE'LL USE GUERRILLA TACTICS, SURPRISE ATTACKS, UNTIL WE'VE WON THE ABSOLUTE RULE OF THE SCIENTIFIC COUNCIL AND THE POLICE MUST BE STOPPED. FROM NOW ON, ALL OF US WILL PARTICIPATE IN THE HONEYCOMB'S GOVERNMENT."



IN THE ROYAL PALACE,
LOCATED IN THE HONEYCOMB'S
CAPITAL, SHARVA, NOW, THE
SUPREME SISTER RULES
THE MILITARY, POLITICAL
AND SCIENTIFIC
COUNCILS.

IMBECILES!
I'VE GOT
INCOMPETENTS
FOR
COMMANDERS

IN THE LAST
ATTACK, WE LOST
MORE THAN 500
SOLDIERS!

THE SITUATION
IS VERY SERIOUS
SUPREME SISTER

I THINK WE
SHOULD NEGOTIATE
ON SOME OF THEIR
DEMANDS, SO
THAT

WE CO
TALK WITH
THAT BUNCH OF
TRAITOROUS
RATS? NOW
COULD BE
EXECUTED
FOR SUCH A
"JUGGLES" NOW,
COMMANDER
ARTJUNA.

WE'LL USE
OUR EXPER
MENTAL LAB
SPECIMENS
THE CLONES THE
BIO-CYBERS
AND THE
OTHERS

BUT
SUPREME SISTER
THE CLONES
AREN'T READY

AND THE BIO
CYBERS
HAVEN'T
BEEN
TESTED
ENOUGH

THERE LL
BE EVEN
MORE
CASUALTIES

AND OF WHAT IMPORTANCE
IS THE SACRIFICE OF A FEW
FREAKS TO SAVE THE LIVES OF
MY CHA, POLICEWOMEN AND
SOLDIERS? BESIDES, THIS WILL
BE THE FIRST GOOD USE
THOSE WRETCHED
EXPERIMENTS WILL
BE PUT TO!

AND WHAT ARE
YOU WAITING
FOR?

I
WANT A NEW
ATTACK PLAN
DRAWN UP
WITHIN THE
HOUR

AND RE
MEMBER
ANY COM
MANDER
WHOSE
UNIT FAILS
WILL PAY
WITH HER
HEAD

LEAVING THE GENESIS II IN A STATIONARY ORBIT PROTECTED BY AN ENERGY SHIELD. ZORA AND HER COMPANIONS BOARDED ONE OF THE LIGHT REBEL PATROL SHIPS THEY HEADED TOWARDS THE HONEYCOMBS FREE ZONE AMIDST A DEADLY HAIL OF ANTI-AIRCRAFT FIRE

WE'RE CAUGHT IN A CROSS FIRE! CAN'T THIS TUB GO ANY FASTER?

DON'T FORGET AMON, WE WANT TO LAND ON THE HONEYCOMBS. NOT BLAST THROUGH IT!



THEY'VE PENETRATED THE BLUE ZONE

YOU BLAMBLING FOOLS YOU'RE GOING TO LET THEM THROUGH! CONCENTRATE YOUR FIRE ON ONE OF THEM!



THEY'VE HIT OUR ANTI-GRAB CENTER WE'VE LOST OUR SENSORS AND RETRO-ROCKETS!

WHAT CAN WE DO?

HANG ON TIGHT WE'VE LOST ALL CONTROL, AND WE'RE A LONG WAY FROM A LANDING SITE WE'RE DEAD ON INTO THE ARMOR SHIELD!

WE'VE GOTTEN USED TO YOUR ROUGH LANDINGSS ZORA, BUT THIS TIME THERE ARE NO TREES TO CUSHION US!



A COLLISION WAS IMMINENT AT THE VERY LAST MOMENT, ZORR WAS STRUCK WITH AN INSPIRATION. "SHE FIRED THE FORWARD ASTRO-LASERS AT FULL POWER!" THE HONEYCOMB'S ARMORED SHELL GAVE WAY.

AND A MIGHTY FLOOD OF AIR GUSHED FORTH, ENVELOPING THE SHIP AND CUSHING ITS IMPACT.



SO THAT WHEN IT BREACHED THE OPENING AND HIT THE GROUND, IT WAS LIKE FALLING ONLY A FEW YARDS!

TO BE CONTINUED

HEAVY METAL 57



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THE LITTLE VEGETABLE WHO DREAMED OF BEING A PANTHER

I HAVE ALWAYS HAD
GREAT AMBITIONS!



BUT VERY LITTLE TIME TO REALIZE
THEM

FRANKLY, MOST OF THE TIME, I WAS PRETTY
DAMNED LAZY ABOUT REALIZING THEM!



I WAS HAPPY JUST TO
LOLL AROUND, DREAMING
COMPLACENTLY.



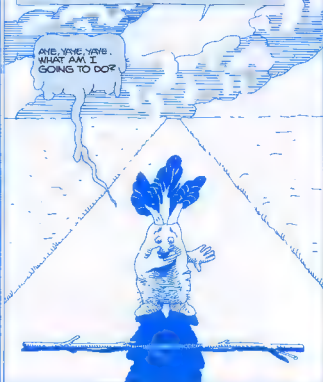
SOMETIMES, I WOULD ATTEMPT TO PULL MYSELF
OUT OF MY RUT..

COME ON, YOU
LAZY! SO-AND-SO,
GET OUT OF
THAT HOLE!



...AND TRY TO CONFRONT, ALL ALONE, THE
FRIGHTENING OBSTACLES.

AYE, YAYE YAYE,
WHAT AM I
GOING TO DO?



FOR A LONG TIME, PERIODS OF SLUGGISHNESS
WOULD COME OVER ME, ONE AFTER THE
OTHER.

I DON'T CARE!
I DON'T CARE!
I DON'T CARE!
I DON'T CARE!

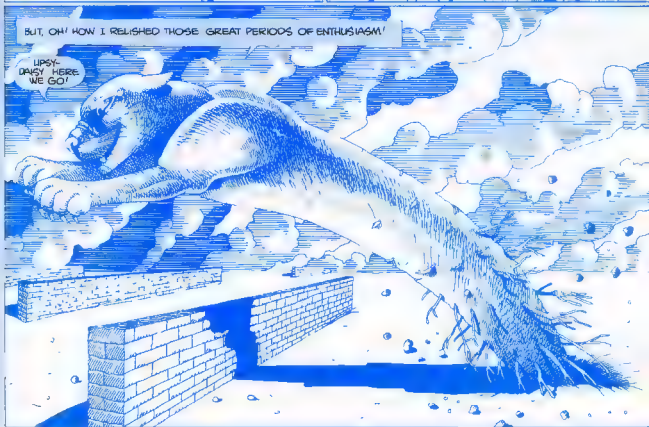
COME ON!
GET OUTTA
HERE!

OH! AND THOSE
PERIODS OF
PARANOIA!

EVERYONE IS LOOKING AT ME! I CAN FEEL IT!
THEY'RE LAUGHING AT ME BECAUSE I'M JUST A
CREEPY LITTLE CARROT!

BUT, OH! HOW I RELISHED THOSE GREAT PERIODS OF ENTHUSIASM!

LIPSY-
DAISY HERE
WE GO!



BUT ONCE THESE DESPERATE
FITS PROVED TO BE

MMMMN.

...REWARDING

FINALLY I HAVE CON-
QUERED YOU, YOU INSUR-
MOUNTABLE OBSTACLE.
YOU HAVE STOOD IN MY
WAY LONG ENOUGH!

BUT THE WALL
WAS DECEIVING!

OH, NO!
NOT
AGAIN!

HOW VEXING IT ALL WAS!

FINE! IT'S OKAY WITH ME. I'LL
JUST LIE HERE ALL DAY, AND
NOT TRY ANYMORE! I FEEL
SORRY FOR YOU, WHO HAVE
TO READ ABOUT MY DULL
EXISTENCE!

OH I MUST TRY AGAIN!
SIMPLY MUST!

I'VE
TRICKED
THEM!

AFTER HAVING SIMPLY IGNORED THE ENEMY ..

BUT HOW ARE YOU GOING
TO GET ACROSS THE WALL?

WHAT
WALL?

AND AFTER HAVING DROPPED EVERYTHING.

AH! WHY WEAR ONESELF OUT!
OTHERS ARE VEGETABLES, TOO, AND
THEY'RE WALLOWING IN CONTENTED-
VILLE!

AFTER ALL, A VEGETABLE IS
BEAUTIFUL! ESPECIALLY ME! LOOK
AT THOSE GROTESQUE SPUDS
OVER THERE! YICHHH! REALLY
UGLY!

AND AFTER HAVING LIVED THROUGH EXHAUSTING PSYCHOLOGICAL TRAUMAS...

GET OUT OF MY WAY, YOU POOR EXCUSE FOR A VEGETABLE!

SHHH NOT SO LOUD... YOU'LL WAKE UP THE RADISHES!

PRETENTIOUS MEGALOMANIAC!

I FEEL AS IF I AM GETTING CLOSER TO MY GOAL-LITTLE BY LITTLE!

BUT THERE STILL REMAINS AN AWFUL LOT TO BE DONE!

IT'S TAKEN A BIT LONGER THAN I EXPECTED!

I'M AGE



© J. JONES 1982



IT'S
DIFFICULT
TO EXPLAIN,
YOU KNOW.
BUT I'LL
TRY.



BEFORE THE ALLEGORIES
WERE RUTHLESSLY
PURSUED, THINGS
WERE MUCH EASIER
TO EXPLAIN.



NOW
THAT
THEY ARE
ENDANGERED,
I DON'T
KNOW.
IT'S LIKE ...
WELL, IT'S ...

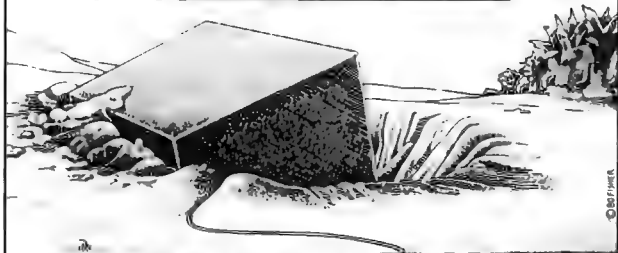


WHAT I MEAN IS
THERE ARE TOO MANY
PEOPLE CARRYING
**ALLEGORY
BAGS**

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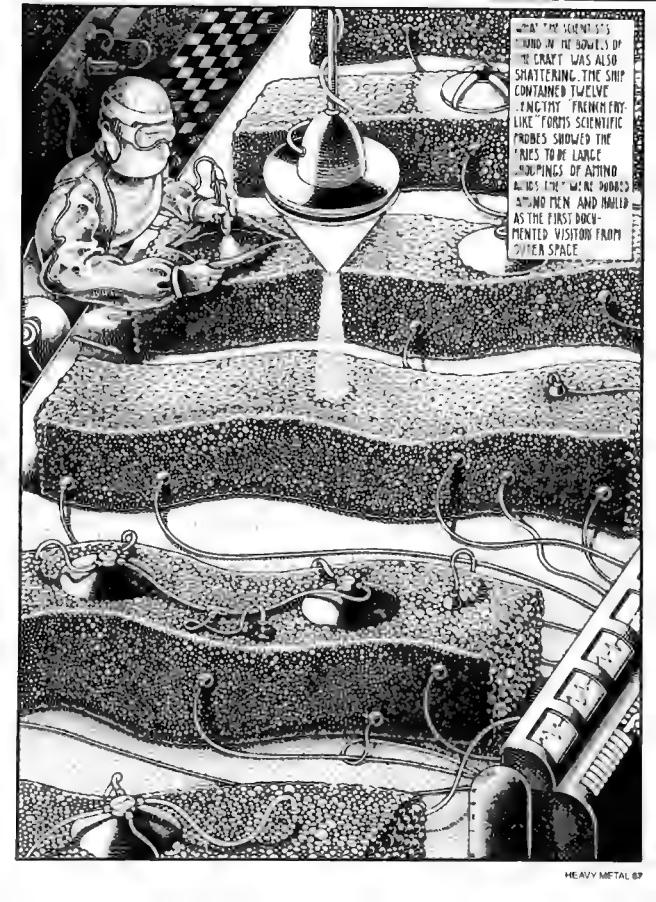
AMINO MEN

F I S H E R



LATE IN THE DECADE AN OBJECT FELL IN ARIZONA WHEN THE GOVERNMENT FIGURED OUT WHAT IT WAS IT DESTROYED ALL PREVIOUSLY HELD NOTIONS OF SPACECRAFT NOT THE MONSTROUSLY HUGE, SINISTER, BLINKING SHIPS OF THE IMAGINATION, BUT A DULL BLACK CUBE ABOUT THE SIZE OF A TWO-CAR GARAGE

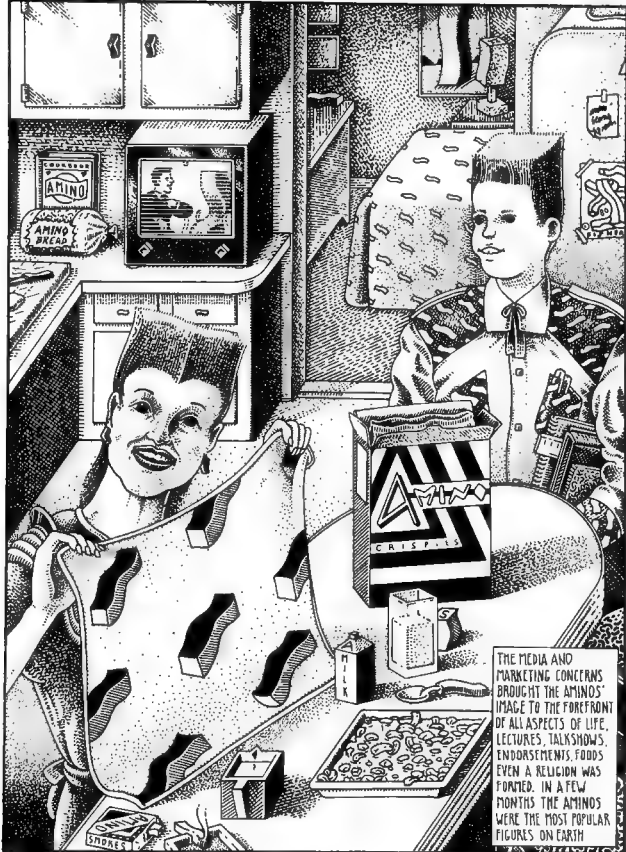




WHAT THE SCIENTISTS
FOUND IN THE BOWELS OF
THE CRAFT WAS ALSO
SMATTERING. THE SHIP
CONTAINED TWELVE
ENIGMATIC FRENCH FRY-
LIKE "FORTS" SCIENTIFIC
PROBES SHOWED THE
PIES TO BE LARGE
GROPPINGS OF ATOM
AND MEN AND NAILED
AS THE FIRST DOCU-
MENTED VISITOR FROM
OUTER SPACE



THE PEOPLE OF THE
WORLD WENT WILD
THE AMINOS WERE
DECEASED BEARERS OF
DIVINE WISDOM AND
WENT EVERYWHERE
THEY VISITED IT WAS
AND: MONIUM

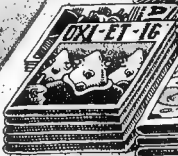


THE MEDIA AND MARKETING CONCERNS BROUGHT THE AMINOS' IMAGE TO THE FOREFRONT OF ALL ASPECTS OF LIFE, LECTURES, TALKSHOWS, ENDORSEMENTS, FOODS EVEN A RELIGION WAS FORMED. IN A FEW MONTHS THE AMINOS WERE THE MOST POPULAR FIGURES ON EARTH

AS TIME ELAPSED, VARIOUS OTHER SHIPS ARRIVED ON EARTH, EACH CRAFT HOLDING A UNIQUE ALIEN RACE. EARTH BECAME A MELTING POT OF THE UNIVERSE. THERE WERE THE TUBEROS, GRUNION TRI-LIPS, HOPIES, ZITAS, THE DELVOIDS, PLUS MANY OTHERS. THE EXTRA-TERRESTRIAL GLUT QUICKLY CANCELLED EARTH'S ALIEN FIXATION. NO LONGER GODS, ALIENS BECAME THE HUMANS' EQUAL.



TIME ALIEN GLUT!



HAVE
CIC

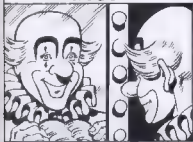


YOU MAY ASK "WHAT BECAME OF THE AMINO MEN? THE SUDDEN DROP IN ALIEN WORSHIP HELPED PAVE THE WAY TO THE AMINDS' FALL. OVEREXPOSURE AND POOR MANAGEMENT PUSHED THEM OVER THE EDGE. OCCASIONALLY A FEW AMINDS CAN BE SEEN WARMING A DOORSTEP WHILE ENCRSSED IN A GOOD BOTTLE

JUNE 2050

BY JACK C. HARRIS AND
KURT SCHAFENBERGER

THERE SHALL BE THIRTY AFTER-
NOONS ON THE PLUTUDINOUS
PLANET EARTH IN THE MONTH
OF JUNE IN THE YEAR
2050...



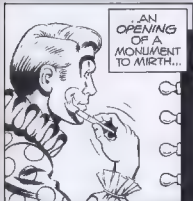
BUT THERE SHALL STILL BE
MADE TIME AND ROOM FOR
FESTIVE OCCASIONS...



SO BEHOLD, THE PREPARA-
TIONS FOR A GRAND AND
GLORIOUS OPENING...



AN
OPENING
OF A
MONUMENT
TO MIRTH...



...THE DEDICATION OF THE
CITADEL OF THE CLOWN...



...FOR CONSTRUCTION
IS COMPLETE ON
THE FORTRESS
OF THE
FUNNY!



AND SO, ON THIS PARTICULAR
AFTERNOON IN THE FIRST MONTH
OF SUMMER, IN A CITY SEARCH-
ING FOR NEW THRILLS FOR ITS
CITIZENRY, LAUGHTER IS HEARD
AS THE PERFORMER PRODUCES
PANTOMIMES OF A PECULIAR
PAST.



...PROVING ONCE AGAIN
AND FOR ALL TIME THAT
HUMOR IS IN THE FUNNY
BONE OF THE BEHOLDER.



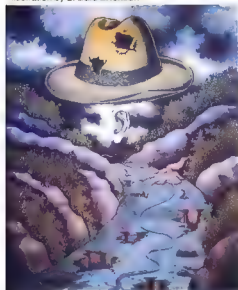
FROM THE SUBLIME TO THE SURREAL:
THE WILL STONE COLLECTION

by Steven Maloff



Illustration by Clayton Anderson

Illustration by E. Dale Erickson



Ten years ago, on his wedding day, Will Stone emerged from San Francisco's City Hall and found himself in the middle of an arts and crafts fair. Witnessing the chaotic marketplace—nearly identical pieces of art with prices in different solar systems—Stone realized that these artists needed management. He bought some cheap stuff, sold it door to door, and doubled his money within a week. This, he says, was the beginning of Will Stone Associates.

When *Mother Jones*, a San Francisco based magazine, used one of Stone's artists' illustrations, the piece landed on a desk at *Newsweek* during "Star Wars summer." Consequently, *Newsweek* interviewed Stone as one of the few art dealers in this genre. With that publicity, Stone was urged to open a gallery in downtown San Francisco, the Will Stone Collection, which celebrated its fifth anniversary this Halloween.

Stone's five-room gallery is located at 560 Sutter Street, and its second floor location discourages window-shoppers; most of his customers are from out of town with the specific purpose of seeing his surreal collection of sculptures, paintings, and drawings. His artists' work can be shocking. "Some people walk in, freeze, and walk out," says Stone. "And some people start crying." Even with the outrageous art hanging



Illustration by Don Dolan

Illustration by Arthur Bell

about, the Will Stone Collection is a relaxing place to be, with warm white walls, natural lighting, wine, and comfortable seating. It's a "no hassle, no hustle" atmosphere; in fact, if customers find that the piece isn't right for their home, they may return artwork or exchange it for another piece at any time—thus affording a rotating gallery in your own home. His gallery has been the site of some of the fantasy art world's major exhibits—like the original artwork from Brian Froud's *Faeries* and *Last Gasp: Ten Years of Underground Comix*.

Ostracized from San Francisco's traditional art world, Stone is still one of the most successful art dealers and collectors in the business. Stone, thirty-five, attributes this to "sheer hard work and determination," but he'll also admit that his business sense has a lot to do with it. "Fantasy is an American tradition. The super-blockbuster movies are fantasy and most of what people see on TV is fantasy. Fantasy takes people from their everyday lives and lets them dream of new possibilities. And surreal art takes commonplace objects and uses them in a way that makes people contemplate reality."

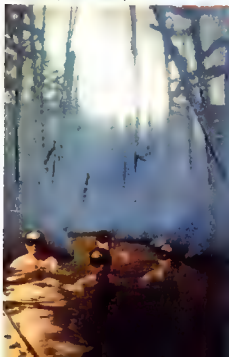
With a background in architecture, art, and sales, Stone's career choice seems like a natural. But why fantasy and surreal art? "I became interested in the





Illustration by John Christensen

Illustration by Michael Freley



surreal and the fantastic while I was a tour guide in Europe. I had a visceral response to it. If you *have* to study the history behind the art *first*, what value is the art?" He continues, "I feel ripped off by contemporary art. Fantasy and surreal art make me think about personal, psychological, and political situations. I examine common experiences through it. I call it 'personal mythology,' and it isn't artificial."

Stone's career at times seems as fantastic as his artists' work. After lecturing to 250,000 at the recent Us Music Festival in southern California, Stone is now on the lecture circuit. And what's next? Among the possibilities: five new galleries around the country, video and performance art galleries, a computerized art dealership, and exposure on pay TV. Maybe then the masses will know of the fantastic and surreal artists represented in the Will Stone Collection.

—Steven Maloff

For a free brochure write:
Will Stone Collection
560 Sutter St.
San Francisco, CA 94102



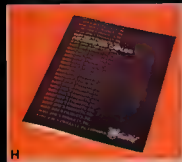
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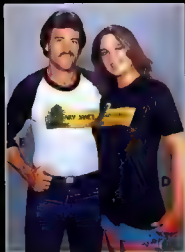
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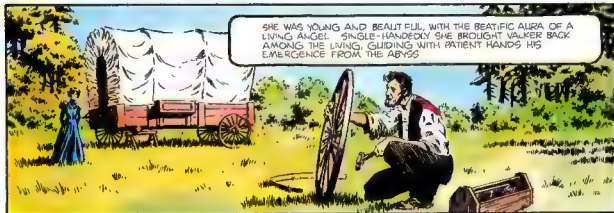
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FREAK SHOW

THE STORY SO FAR: JALKER WENT MAD AND DESTROYED THE LITTLE CARAVAN, LEAVING HIS WIFE AND ALL THE FREAKS TO DIE AFTER YEARS OF AIMLESS WANDERING. HE WAS TAKEN IN BY A GOOD SAMARITAN.

HER NAME WAS CELIA. SHE WAS A PHYSICIAN, A SURGEON, A HEALER, TRAVELING ABOUT THE COUNTRY IN HER BIBLE WAGON PREACHING THE LORD'S WORD, AIDING THE NEEDY, GIVING GLORIE AND COMFORT TO THE OPPRESSED, THE SKILL OF HER MEDICAL TALENTS TO THE SICK.



SHE WAS YOUNG AND BEAUTIFUL, WITH THE BEATIFIC AURA OF A LIVING ANGEL. SINGLE-HANDEDLY SHE BROUGHT JALKER BACK AMONG THE LIVING, GUIDING WITH PATIENT HANDS HIS EMERGENCE FROM THE ABYSS.



A NEW LIGHT SHONE IN HIS EYES
A NEW PROMISE SWELLED IN HIS
CHEST

IT'S LIKE NEW,
JALKER! LIKE A
MIRACLE! WHERE
WOULD I BE
WITHOUT YOUR



YOU ARE THE
MIRACLE, CELIA
WITHOUT YOU THERE
WOULD BE NO
JALKER!

THEY TRAVELED TOGETHER. SURGEON AND ASSISTANT WALKER TOLD HER HIS WRETCHED STORY. HIS TORMENTED PAST. CELIA LISTENED QUIETLY WHILE THE WAGON BUMPED ALONG THE NARROW COUNTRY ROADS. WHEN HIS TALE WAS AT LAST SPENT, HE FOUND PEACE AND UNDERSTANDING IN THE FOLDS OF HER SLENDER ARMS.

HE CRIED ON HER BREAST LIKE A BABY.

WALKER PUT THE BOTTLE BEHIND HIM, STARTED AFRESH.

WITH EVERY MOUTHFUL OF MEDICINE ADMINISTERED BY CELIA'S GENTLE URGING, HE FELT HIS OWN STRENGTH INCREASING.

WITH EVERY TOUCH OF HER PRACTICED HANDS, HE FELT HIS COURAGE MOUNTING.

AND THOUGH THE SIGHT OF OPEN CHESTS AND SEVERED ARMS SOMETIMES EVOKED TERRIBLE MEMORIES, TORTURED NIGHTMARES—HE STAYED VIGILANTLY AT HER SIDE, ASSISTING, FETCHING, CONTINUALLY AMAZED AT HER CONSIDERABLE SURGICAL SKILL.

IN CELIA, WALKER SAW THE PERSON HE ONCE WAS LIKE A WARM, SPREADING LIGHT, HIS FAITH IN HUMANITY AND HUMAN GOODNESS RETURNED. IN A SEA OF WRETCHEDNESS HE HAD FOUND AN ISLAND OF HOPE.

MARRY ME, CELIA.

I AM ALREADY MARRIED, DEAREST TO THE LORD.

AGAIN AND AGAIN HE PERSISTED.

MARRY ME, CELIA. I'LL BE GOOD TO YOU.

AGAIN AND AGAIN SHE DECLINED.

WALKER LEARNED PATIENCE FOR A YEAR THEY TRAVELED THE BACKROADS TOGETHER ON THEIR MISSIONS OF MERCY.

WALKER BID HIS TIME.

BUT WATCHED HER HUNGRILY.

ONE DARK, FALL EVENING, WALKER GAZED ABOUT HIMSELF TO FIND THAT CELIA HAD UNWITTINGLY DRIVEN THE WAGON INTO FAMILIAR WOODS. THE VERY SAME WOODS WHERE, YEARS AGO, HE HAD LAST CAMPED THE SHOW WAGON. A COLD CHILL OF DREAD ASCENDED HIS SPINE. A LINE OF PERSPIRATION BEADED HIS BROW.



WHAT IS IT, DEAREST?

I
IT'S
NOTHING.



NOTHING.



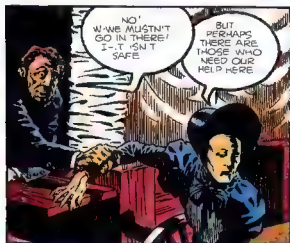
WALKER FELL INTO A SILENT BROODING. FOR THE FIRST TIME IN MONTHS OLD NIGHTMARES CAME BACK TO HAUNT HIM. IMAGES OF SCREAMING, BURNING MONSTROSITIES DANCED MOCKINGLY THROUGH HIS BRAIN. HE COULD NOT STOP TREMBLING IN THE SEAT BESIDE CELIA. COULD NOT IGNORE THE COLD KNOT OF FEAR IN HIS STOMACH.





AND THEN HIS WORST FEARS
WERE REALIZED. CELIA REINED
IN, POINTED TOWARDS A
DARKENED THICKET

LOOK,
VALKER
A
WAGON!



NO!
W-WE MUSTN'T
GO IN THERE!
I--IT ISN'T
SAFE

BUT
PERHAPS
THERE ARE
THOSE WHO
NEED OUR
HELP HERE



NO!
PLEASE! THEY
MIGHT BE
BRANDS!



NONSENSE!



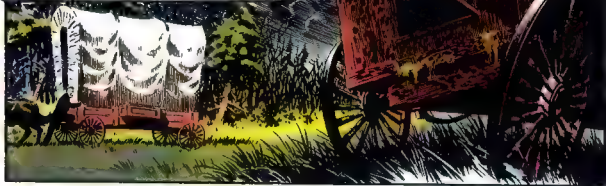
HAVE
YOU
FORGOTTEN?



IT IS
OUR MISSION
TO HELP
OTHERS IN
NEED

VALKER HELD
HIS BREATH

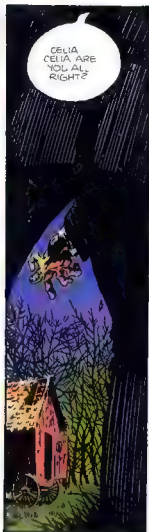
TEN MINUTES LATER HE WAS STILL HOLDING IT. CELIA HAD GONE INTO THE CHARRED HULK OF THE WAGON BUT HAD NOT COME OUT. THE FOREST WAS DEADLY STILL. NOT A BIRD SANG, NOT AN ANIMAL STIRRED. WALKER'S HEART SEEMED DETERMINED TO CRASH THROUGH HIS CHEST. HE DESCENDED THE STEPS OF THE BIBLE WAGON SLOWLY.



IN THE DISTANCE THERE WAS A MUTED BOOM OF THUNDER. WALKER APPROACHED ON LEGS OF RUBBER.



CELIA,
CELIA, ARE
YOU ALL
RIGHT?



CE-LIA,
PLEASE
COME
OUT.



CELIA
ARE YOU
THERE?

IT'S
SO DARK
IN HERE
I CAN'T



THE DARKNESS WAS DRIVEN
AWAY BY A FLASH OF LIGHT-
NING. ALKER SAW THEM.

YAAAGGGHHHHH!



TO BE CONTINUED

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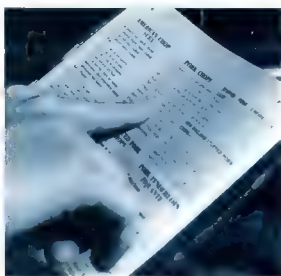
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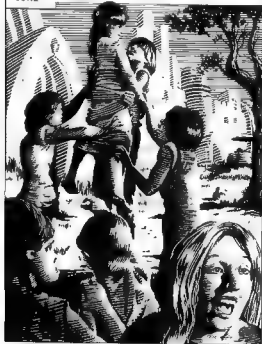




THE TIME MACHINATE

BY NICOLA CULTI-BASED ON
HG WELLS'S CHARACTERS

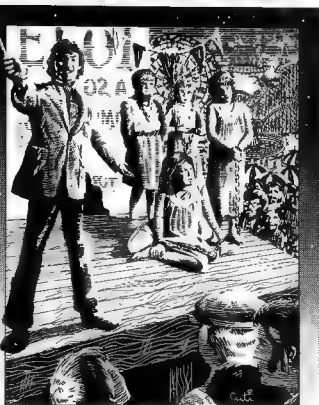
WE ARE *ELOI*. A YEAR HAS PASSED SINCE THE *SUN MAN* CAME AND WENT THE *MORLOCKS*' NO LONGER FEAR HIS NAME THEIR ATTACKS BECOME MORE VICIOUS. EACH TIME THEY CHANT "WHERE HAS HE GONE?"



THE LIGHT HAS RETURNED! HE IS THE LIGHT! HIS SMILE SOOTHES US LIKE A BALMY BREEZE! HIS VOICE IS FLAVORED WITH HONEY HIS EYES SPARKLE - HE SUN-DAPPLED STREAMS HE TELLS US OF A WORLD WITH NO MORLOCKS AND OUR FACTORIES WHO WILL TAKE CARE OF US? "I WILL," HE SAYS OF COURSE



WE ARE AWED AS WE RIDE THE THUNDER MACHINE THROUGH A RAINLESS STORM OF FLASHING LIGHTS BEHIND US A D 802702 AND THE BONDAGE OF THE MORLOCKS' ARE AD IS AD 1895 AND FREEDOM



Chain Mail

Dear Cumbersome Alloys:

The September '82 issue's cover followed suit in a recent, near consecutive trend of female exploitation. However, I am not another in a long line of letter scrawlers to complain. I have to admit that it did capture my attention (*Some of you are beginning to catch on...ls*). I am happy, though, that you don't reserve your back covers strictly for this type of material. Wrightson's untitled masterpiece (originally used in an ill-fated movie production) fit beautifully into the concept of *HM*. "Freakshow" never ceases to leave me sitting at the edge of my seat—Wrightson art plus a Bruce Jones script, an unbeatable combination! And speaking of Jones... Jeff Jones's "I'm Age" is simply wonderful. He gives us the same inquisitive philosophy and beautiful women surrounded by gorgeous flora as he did years back in "Idyl" in *Lampoon*. In him I see art nouveau, romanticism, and a world of paradoxes dealing primarily with the sensual and emotional aspects of the human condition.

"Den II," "Zora," and "Yragai" all have nice art, but the stories don't interest me. Nevertheless, I state this as merely an opinion, and I feel that it's utterly mine for many of the recent letters to condemn any of the *HM* stories as pure garbage, for all of them have some redeeming qualities. Status, you hit the proverbial nail on the head when you expressed your tolerance of some *HM* material that doesn't appeal to you. It's true that some strips do appear to be more suitable for underground comix, and occasionally some do look like sell-outs, but that is only an infinitesimal part of the variety of *HM* stories, the part that I will have to tolerate, because the rest of the magazine is surely worth it. What more can I say, except more Wrightson, Jones, Corben, et al., in future *HMs*, as well as more Status rebuttals in *Chain Mail*—they make the letters page. (*With such superb straight men, how can I fail?*—ls)

Alec Stevens
Columbia, S.C.

Dear Editor:

Your attempt to appeal to a larger (adolescent) audience, in the long run, has the effect of making your magazine mediocre, unimaginative, and close to the competitors it is trying to outdistance. Can we have an end to Corben and dress like "Cody Starbuck," "Tex Arcana," and the more recent "Zora"? I can't help but compare *HM* to *Metal Hurlant* (or any European publication in the genre) and wonder why *HM* continues along its present course. Are we to admit that American audiences are less sophisticated and intelligent, so that what is "commercial" is always what is the most derivative, vapid,

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DEAL YOU CAN'T
REFUSE
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and formulaic?

I love "Rock Opera" but would like to see more work by artists like Serge Clerc (*Agreed: have you seen some of his recent stuff in the New Musical Express?*—ls) and more strips like the great "1996." "Life at the Circus" was fantastic. You still have the best magazine of its type, but the weaknesses are glaring and may eventually diminish your popularity.

Vincent Ulmer
Doylestown, Pa.

Dear HM

Jeff Jones's "I'm Age" is the most sophisticated thing in your magazine, and the first thing I turn to every month. He tries to get you to use your brain to think with, rather than merely assaulting it with a barrage of taa (I never cease to wonder that Corben's women can sit up without assistance). (*It's all thanks to a highly sophisticated counterweight and pulley system.*—ls)

S. Lundberg
Riverside, Cal.

Dear Metal Madmen and Women:

I like the fact that you vary your covers. Although I don't mind a little taa as long as its heart is in the right place (*Nothing like a man with a fine appreciation for anatomy.*—ls). Keep "I'm Age," no matter what anyone says! And speaking of *The Studio* gang, glad to see Wrightson's work in these pages! More, more, more!

Adam B. Strom
New York, N.Y.

Dear HM:

You are out to make lots of money, and your best solution fucks what I want to see (art), and as soon as I find something else that does it better, I'll get it.

Dan Liddel
Socorro, N. Mex.

You do that; and let us know when you find something. We'd like to read it ourselves.—ls

Sirs:

Jimi and I feel that the letter from Mr. Vicious (Sept.) was in the worst possible taste. It is well known that Mr. Wood's and Mr. Bode's styles clash anyway.

Respectfully,
Keith Moon

P.S.: When will Dave Sheridan be doing more work? I heard that he was working on a new Asterix book with Bobby Kennedy. *No, I wouldn't care to comment on that; but do you know where I could get a hold of Grace Kelly? I heard she just checked in.*—Henry Fonda

Dear Madame:

You might suggest to "Freakshow"'s writer, Bruce Jones, that people in small German hamlets do not speak German-accented English to one another at home. There are other, more intelligent ways of suggesting that the speakers are not English or American or whatever. But the series does look promising.

R. Mittenbuhler
Manchester, Vt.

Like subtitles?—ls

#1/APRIL '77: SORRY—SOLD OUT!

#2/MAY '77: Russian astronauts, "Roger the paranoid puppet," Conquering Armies," the ultimate rock festival and more

#3/JUNE '77: Macedo's "Rock bits," highly praised "Shells," beginning of Davies' "World Apart," Moebius Corben Bodé, more

#4/JULY '77: Lots of Moebius "Arzach," part 1 of "The Long Tomorrow," conclusion of "Sunpot"

#5/AUGUST '77: The saga of "Polonius" begins, "The Long Tomorrow" concludes, and "World Apart" and "Den" continue

#6/SEPTEMBER '77: Roger Zelazny has a short story, and Moebius, a space opera plus more "World Apart," "Den," and "Polonius"

#7/OCTOBER '77: Fiction by Theo dore Sturgeon, Moebius's "Airtight Garage," "Den" and "Polonius" back again yet more

#8/NOVEMBER '77: New Harlan Ellison fiction, 9 color pages by Moebius and Rimbaud conclusions for "Polonius" and "World Apart"

#9/DECEMBER '77: Extra pages for the complete "Vuzz," by Drulllet, "Fortune's Fool," by Chaykin and Wein, plus full-color Corben Macedo Claveloux, and Moebius

#10/JANUARY '78: Morrow illustrates Zelazny Lob and P chard up date *Ulysses*, "Conquering Armies" concludes "Den" continues

#11/FEBRUARY '78: New adventures of "Barbarella," wraparound cover and center spread by Nino plus Moebius Corben, et al

#12/MARCH '78: Swashbuckling "Orion" debuts courtesy of Gray Morrow, more "Barbarella," "Urm," and "Den"

#13/APRIL '78: Oui 1st anniversary issue! A 30 page insert from "Paradise 9," and "Barbarella" gives birth, while "Den" wraps it up

#14/MAY '78: "Urm" the Mad waves bye bye but "Orion" and "Barbarella" continue and A ex Nino bps h's hat

#15/JUNE '78: Corben introduces Shahrazad Sturgeon's classic More Than Human is illustrated more "Barbarella," and the origins of "Heilman"

#16/JULY '78: A happy ending for "Barbarella," a sad ending for 1996's resumption of Drulllet's "Gail," more "Heilman," "Orion," More Than Human," and Corben's Arabian Nights

#17/AUGUST '78: SORRY — SOLD OUT!

#18/SEPTEMBER '78: SORRY — SOLD OUT!

#19/OCTOBER '78: Exterminator 17," Ellison's illustrated "Gloss Goblin" debut of McKie's "So Beautiful and So Dangerous," plus usual

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COLLECTOR'S ITEMS



#20/NOVEMBER '78: Twenty pages of the Delany/Chaykin "Empire," more Sindbad, "Externator," Major Grubert, "Heilman" is final rebirth, more

#21/DECEMBER '78: The stocking's full with "Orion," Kirchner's "Tarot," and 12 beautiful pages of Moebius

#22/JANUARY '79: Trina debuts here and Drulllet concludes "Gail" plus McKie and Corben How much can you take?

#23/FEBRUARY '79: Galactic Geographic "Starcrown" Corben's Sindbad, McKie's "So Beautiful and So Dangerous," plus Moebius, Bilal, and Macedo

#24/MARCH '79: Twenty pages of Chaykin illustrating Bester's "The Stars My Destination," "Starcrown" II and Ellison's late show

#25/APRIL '79: SORRY — SOLD OUT!

#26/MAY '79: It's all-American (except for Drulllet's "Dancin'" and a Proust joke) 15 entries including Corben, Morrow, the illustrated "Alien"

#27/JUNE '79: SORRY — SOLD OUT!

#28/JULY '79: Bodé's "Zooks" premieres Corben's "Sindbad" concludes Morrow and Moebius continue, Mike Hinge debuts

#29/AUGUST '79: Caza steals show with "New Ark City," plus Mayerik, Suydam, "Galactic Geographic," Bodé more

#30/SEPTEMBER '79: "Eric," "Buck Rogers," a lizard named Elvis, and "Little Red V-3" alongside Montellier and Moebius

#31/OCTOBER '79: A Halloween tribute to H P Lovecraft with Moebius, Breccia, Drulllet, Suydam others

#32/NOVEMBER '79: Let's give thanks for Corben's "Rowl," Bodé's "Zooks," Brunner's "Eric," Chaykin's "The Stars My Destination," Moebius, and more

#33/DECEMBER '79: A Christmas package from Caza Corben, Kofoed Suydam, Stiles, Trina, Moebius, and Ellison, plus "Gnomes" and "Giants"

#34/JANUARY '80: A new year/new decade begins with new look for *HM* with debut of 4 new columnists, new artists Neil McPheeters and Dan Steffan, conclusion of Corben's "Rowl," and much more!

#35/FEBRUARY '80: An eerie Couratin cover adorns this winter issue Corben's "The Beast of Wolf-ton" begins, McKie experiments with the Air Pump, and we join Matt Howarth on a crazed acid trip

#36/MARCH '80: Why did "The Cravasse" take Jeannette? Read the Schuten Bros strip! Plus Corben, Matena Moebius, and Lee Marrs' "Good Vibrations"

#37/APRIL '80: Our 3rd anniversary issue — 32 pages of "Champakou" in living color, final installment of Moebius's "Airtight Garage," plus Caza Bilal, Howarth, Corben, Bodé — and more!

#38/MAY '80: Does the Supreme Alchemist exist? Axle ever find out? Will "Champakou" reach the Do I of Jade? Will Joe strike out with the alien Manlynn, too? We'll never tell!

#39/JUNE '80: "Champakou" meets his fate, while "Captain Stern" saves the day And in their revenge the Flying Wallendas vs Earth!

#40/JULY '80: "The Alchemist Supreme" continues, Axle learns truth about sidekick K Musky Bilal's "Progress" begins, and Moebius returns with "Shore Leave"

#41/AUGUST '80: Drulllet returns with the 1st installment of Salammbo while Moebius concludes "Shore Leave" (and is interviewed) Bilal continues "Progress"

#42/SEPTEMBER '80: "The Alchemist Supreme" concludes while Bilal's "Progress" picks up steam Ernie Colon Paul Kirchner, Leo Duranona contribute nifty shorts, while "Rock Opera" gets stranger yet!

#43/OCTOBER '80: Our Special Rock Issue, pecked with goodies by McKie, Moebius, Voss, Sparr, Drulllet, Yeates, Hé, Howarth, Kierkegaard, Jr. Colon and Matena, and not to be missed!

#44/NOVEMBER '80: With the *Shogun* spirit abaze, this issue's cover by Hajime Sorayama is definitely in its element Inside we give you some lovely Claveloux, Moebius, Kaluta, Springett, and Bilal

#45/DECEMBER '80: Premiering Corben's illustrated "Bloodstar," Crapax's "Valentina" and Godard and Ribera's "What Is Reality Papa?" Plus "The Cutter of the Fog" Rock Opera," and Moebius!

#46/JANUARY '81: Jeronaton returns with "Woman" Don Wood makes *HM* debut with "Bang Huh" Plus more Corben, Drulllet, and Ribera, Mezières, and "Rock Opera" Moebius tells us "There Is a Prince Charming on Phenixion!"

#47/FEBRUARY '81: William S Burroughs discusses "Civilian Defense," while "The Horny God," an inimitable Moebius character, gets himself in and outa trouble. Special added attraction! Pages from Jeff Jones's *Yesterday's Lily* and an interview with the man himself

#48/MARCH '81: Tex Arcana's John Findley's epic Western, be-

gins. What is Really Papa? and The Ambassador of the Shadows continue Druillet's interpretation of Flaubert's classic *Sambo* ends Plus: Hankin Ellison's ever timely essay on violence in America

#43/APRIL '81: Ari and the Nazis Corben's Bloodstain! Gil Ménez's Good-bye, Soldier! Harry North's "Stories from London" and an interview with Julio Riera Driñt think we could do it in one shot did ya?

#50/MAY '81: Promises of Chaykin's Cody Starbuck and Bial's The Immortals Fête! Plus: Suddam's "The Toll Bridge and Wilam S. Burroughs on immortals ty

#51/JUNE '81: The 1st part of the Richard Corben interview Jim Steranko's adaptation of *Outland* premieres Howarth's *Changes* winds up Plus: Caza Chaykin Crepax and our own John Workman!

#52/JULY '81: Stephen King terrifies with The Blue A Compressor Steranko's adaptation of *Outland* continues while Chris Moore's fantastic pin-up girl wraps it all up

#53/AUGUST '81: Sprad on the Immortals Majority, the 3rd part of the Corben interview, plus a 16-page pullout section on making the heavy *Metal* movie

#54/SEPTEMBER '81: Corben's Den II Jeff Jones's I'm Age Juan Giménez's "Infantrymen in Infantrymen" and Tim Lucas's interview with the masters of horror

#55/OCTOBER '81: Shakespeare for Americans 1st episode of Segrelles's *Mercenary* a gallery section devoted to Druillet plus Jeff Jones Bial and Steranko

#56/NOVEMBER '81: Jeronolons Egg of the World Jeff Jones Segrelles and Bial all frame the art of Leo and Diane Dillon beautifully

#57/DECEMBER '81: Strange encounters with Debbie Harry Jeffrey Jones Segrelles and Corben Plus odd ending to "The Immortals Fete"

#58/JANUARY '82: Our Happy Future issue includes Arno Loustal Voss Hé and Gilon and The Autonomous Man, by Dave Chudnow and Balfour All surrounded by Chaykin and Simonson Segrelles Steranko et al

#59/FEBRUARY '82: Begins with a further adventure of John Difool in The Incal Light Wein and Chaykin's Gideon Faust gets going again Plus Fernandez Jones Schuten et al

#60/MARCH '82: Our 2nd Special Rock Issue featuring Dick Matana's "A Life in the Day," a surrealistic look at the life of John Lennon Luis Garcia's *Nova 2* begins Elliott Murphy brings us the Elvis Cult. P us our regulars "Mercenary" Den Rock Opera etc Enjoy

#61/APRIL '82: Our 5th anniversary issue offers a variety of "male na" What with C. Cavetour Druillet Moebius Bial and an essay on J.G. Ballard you'll be busy until our 6th!

#62/MAY '82: In this issue we give you the 1st part of David Black's Third Sexual Revolution and let you look at "The Art of De Es Schaeferberger" Plus "Sooten and Vanilla" by Ted White and Val Lakey

#63/JUNE '82: We proudly bring you our Fantastic Cities issue With artists Voss Caza Scibell, and R Crumb A1 surrounded by regulars Druillet Moebius Schuten, and Fernandez Enjoy

#64/JULY '82: Marcelo and La comes strange "Life at the Circus and pages from Corben's *Fights in to Fantasy* Plus Jones Garcia Druillet etc

#65/AUGUST '82: We proudly present Jones and Wrightson's *Freak Show* and Plus and Manara's "The Age" Plus the finale of "The Inca Light, by Moebius and Jodorowsky

#66/SEPTEMBER '82: We give you Hecht's Music-Video Interface Lupoff's *Barsom!* and Hinges "Object" Plus our regulars Bial, Fernandez Kierkegaard, etc



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STOP! STOP
EVERYTHING!

I'm sorry--I-
I just can't
go on with
the filming.

...uh?

I'm sorry, Mr. Bub, but I'm giving up
acting. The Rev. Sun Noon Loo has
witnessed to me just now sinful and
perverted all this sex stuff really is!

B: Adeline
sweetheart,
pussycat--you
can't quit now!

I'm going to
live with him
on his ashram.

Come on, Sister Luna! we've
got to go sell incense at
Spaceports now!

Wait a minute.
Adeline--what
about us?

There isn't an 'us' anymore--
my soul belongs to the Loonies,
now. Oh, please give them
yours, too...

I'll never forget you, Gollywog.



Goodbye
f'ever.

Hey, come back!
I love you--

We love you, too!



In the space of those few moments, my universe had fallen apart. I felt stunned, betrayed we had shared everything, I thought, but obviously I'd never really known her at all...

listen, Icebag,
now can I get
her back?

But what's Mr.
Sab going to
do about his
film?

You can't--
I've seen her
type before.

he's going to call
it "Barbie's Bionic
Wedding Night."

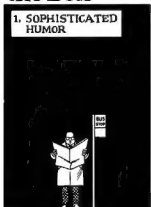
He told me he's cast
Miss McToy in the
lead role--



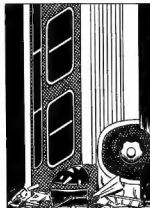
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